The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 31 NO. 12 Lessons for March DECEMBER 1944

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741. Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

MAGAZINE CIRCULATION, 71,000

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 31, NO. 12 DECEMBER 1944

SHE TRIMS HER TREE

Ruth H. Chadwick

She trims her tree alone; this pinnacle
Of dwarfish pine, its man-made roots secure
In mounds of cottoned snow, becomes a lure
Of resined plumes, a tinseled miracle.
The tortured emptiness that fills her walls,
Bereft of boyish sounds and manly ways,
Yields willingly to memories, ablaze
With joyous Christmases that she recalls.
In retrospect, so long ago it seems,
She hung her baby stocking by a tree
Aglow with candlelight, and watched to see
The gilded angel catch a star's soft beams.
Around her childhood tree an aura clings,
To symbolize the joy that Christmas brings.

The piney scent that fills her solitude
Begets nostalgic thoughts of days, full-blown
And rich, when she played Santa to her own,
And planned with eagerness each gay prelude;
With pride she hung the tinkling ornaments,
Twined ribboned gold in festoons, sparkling bright,
And half-concealed each colored bulbous light
Among the prickly needles, green and dense;
Before the shimmering tree she placed each toy—
A slick-nosed woolly lamb, a sturdy box
Of soldier men, some tools and building blocks—
Then feigned surprise to share their mirth and joy.
Her children's tree, a sacred ritual,
Cemented hearts with love's own festival.

The topmost star sends forth its jeweled rays
Of scintillating light, to prick her heart
And leave it yearning now for dear ones, part
Of her, who travel hard and daring ways.
Out there, her "boys" fight valiantly; the one,
Her sweetheart through the years, and "Sonny" lad,
Now soldiering so proudly with his dad;
They risk their all for freedom's benison.
Perhaps, tonight, they peer from fox-hole lair,
To gaze at bursting flames that singe and comb
The vengeful foe; then dream of stars and home,
A Yuletide tree, and bow in silent prayer.
She trims her tree alone, to guarantee
Their dream will live in firm reality.

The Cover: "Christmas At Home and Abroad" is from a painting by Elsa E. Saxod.

CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM

The Spirit of Christmas

Elder Mark E. Petersen

Member of the Council of the Twelve

WHAT does Christmas really mean?

Brushing aside all the worldly traditions and the customs made of man, look at Christmas as it should be viewed, and what do you see there?

You see the first Christmas as a time when the angelic choirs sang for joy, and when a heavenly spokesman declared "for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

You see the beginning of an earthly mission with but one intent—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. You see the Jehovah of the Old Testament, the Creator of heaven and earth, born into this world as the Son of the Father of us all, the only begotten in the flesh. You see the Son of God ushered into this world to overcome death and to provide a plan of salvation whereby each one of us may be saved from his own sins.

You see the beginning of a ministry which eventually was to go into all the world, to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, accompanied by a universal cry, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

That is what Christmas means. Are we willing to accept it on that basis, take it into our homes and permit its heavenly influence to pervade our lives? We have embraced the customs of man, with respect to Christmas. Are we as willing to embrace the real spirit of the Christ, and follow his bidding?

What is the true spirit of Christmas as we should understand it in the light of the above definitions?

First, there is the joy for the life and mission of Christ. This was expressed by the angels on the first Christmas day. That joy has come down to us through the ages, it has spread over the world as a gift of heaven, allowing sinful man, for one day at least, to gain a slight taste of the happiness that might be his always if he would accept it. The spirit of Christmas is a spirit of joy. The spirit of Christ brings joy, such is his intent. Man is that he might have joy, and joy comes through service to the Almighty and to our fellow men.

The next expression of the spirit of Christ as given us in the New Testament story is that which we read in the incident in the temple, when, as a twelve-year-old boy, the Christ talked with the learned doctors there. The expression to which we refer came when his mother chided him for his absence: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

That is part of the spirit of Christ, a part which too few of us remember, at Christmas time or any other time. If we will but enter the true spirit of Christmas, and make it a part of our lives, we will ever be

"about our Father's business." There would be little of the spirit of worldliness about us; there would be none of the waywardness that characterizes so many who profess to follow him; there would be none of the indifference with which so many people regard their religion; and none of the criticism of his Church and his authorized representatives here on earth. Rather, we would be working diligently in his kingdom, we would be earnestly supporting the program of his Church, and would sustain with our works those who direct his affairs in mortality.

Were we truly "about our Father's business," which indeed is characteristic of the spirit of Christ, we would remember to keep the first and great commandment: to love the Lord our God with all our heart, might, mind and strength, and our neighbors as ourselves. We would think of that love in terms of service, very much as set forth in the Doctrine and Covenants, "see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day."

Another expression of the spirit of Christ is the spirit of humble obedience. This was displayed at the time of his baptism in Jordan. Although he was the Son of the Highest, although he made heaven and earth, he walked the humble path of obedience to the side of a man "not worthy to unloose the lachet of his shoes," and was baptized of him.

Humility is one of the greatest of human traits. It is divine. It is characteristic of every true follower of the lowly Nazarene. It is representative of the spirit of Christ, in whose honor we observe Christmas. But with it goes obedience to the practice of the Church. Was Christ sinful, that he needed baptism? He was without sin. Yet he obeyed "to fulfill all righteousness." Can we do less if we truly follow him?

The next important index to the spirit of Christ, as it appears in the New Testament story, is his resistance to temptation. Though Satan himself appeared to him, offering him the riches of the world if he would but succumb to his wiles, the Christ stood firm and true, never letting down the standards, never losing sight of what is most valued, never forgetting the pearl of great price. He resisted temptation, although he was in the midst of it. He retained his cleanliness and his purity because he turned his back upon the defiling influence of the adversary. It took character, yes, but he desires that we all have strong characters, he asks us to resist evil, he desires us to be clean.

THEN he gave the Sermon on the Mount, and with it the teachings of stability, mercy, love, and kindness. He taught men to give, for it is more blessed, than to receive; he taught them to regard all men as brethren and even love their enemies. Another doctrine at which some have scoffed, yet which, if followed, would take away much of the hatred and bitterness in the world, was taught—the doctrine of turning the other cheek. Likewise was forgiveness portrayed to the people. What, forgive one who offends us? Yes. How many times, seven? Yes, even seventy times seven. That, too, is the spirit of Christ. It was that spirit he carried with him to the

cross, when he cried out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Faith was another important mark of the spirit of Christ. He taught it in all he did, he plead with his followers to believe, he sorrowed at their unbelief. With this teaching came his appeal for repentance. Turn from your evil ways, practice righteousness, was his appeal. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." That was his goal for us all. Nothing was too high of attainment, not even perfection, and he urged men to seek it, unafraid.

The spirit of prayer is the spirit of Christ. He not only taught men how to pray, but he prayed with them and for them, and one of the important things for which he plead was still another factor in the spirit of Christ—it was for unity, that his disciples might be one, just as he and his Father were one. Discord has no place in the true spirit of Christ.

Then, there was the spirit of resignation to the will of God. Each one of us sometime must make a choice between his own desires and the will of God. Each one of us must some day learn to say, "not my will but thine be done." This was the attitude of the Lord in Gethsemane. It, too, is part of the spirit of Christmas.

After his triumphant resurrection, he exhibited still another quality which is part and parcel of the spirit of Christ—and Christmas—the spirit of missionary work, sharing our blessings with others. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature." To the house of Israel alone? Not at all. To the Gentiles? Yes, to every creature. It is our duty to warn every person, even our closest neighbors, that the "kingdom of heaven is at hand." Spread the glad tidings, invite all to drink of the well of living water and thirst no more, to join the banquet of the King, to join the fold of the Good Shepherd, accept his plan, work out salvation in fear and trembling, and endure to the end. Then it shall be said, "Come ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy of your Lord."

It is so easy for us all to become engulfed in the ways of this world, in the customs of man, and make of Christmas just another holiday of feasting and pleasure.

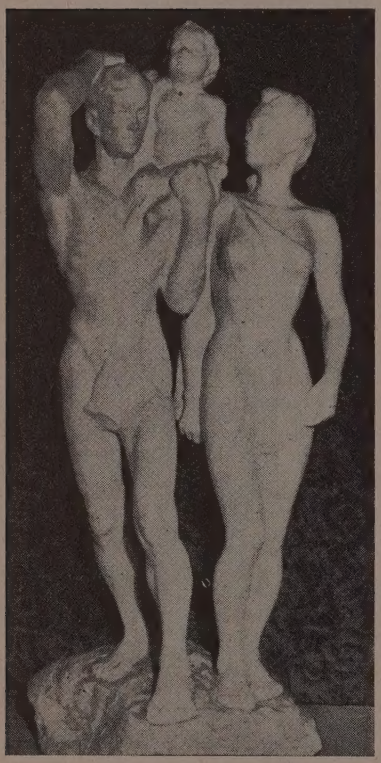
But if we observe the true spirit of the day, we cannot exclude Christ and his mission from it. Christmas is celebrated because Christ came into the world, and he came to save us from death and sin. He offers the way by which we may once again come into the presence of God. Christ means salvation; salvation requires acceptance of the gospel; acceptance of the gospel means activity in the Church.

To be truly Christ-like then, is the reward of a true Christmas. So at this glad Yule season, let us renew our allegiance to him who was born in Bethlehem, crucified on Calvary, and came forth again as the living Savior and Redeemer of mankind. And with our allegiance to him, let us be loyal to his representatives on earth, and his plan of salvation as expressed in the program of the Church. Let us honor Christmas by honoring Christ, which means serving him and keeping his commandments.

A Few of Our Gifted Utah Women Artists

Alice Merrill Horne

Former Member of Relief Society General Board



—Alice Morrey Bailey

THE ETERNAL UNIT

ALICE MORREY BAILEY — The sculptor suffers a tremendous handicap for the gift to sculp is of small account without a knowledge of anatomy. The expense of the sculptor's material is far greater than that of the painter. It is comforting to know that down the ages a few men, possessing what we call genius (like William Shakespeare for example) were able to achieve all for which greatness is intended, in spite of environment, in spite of everything.

Alice Morrey Bailey, Utah sculptor, seized opportunity by the forelock, and forced it to do her bidding. Alice persistently worked her way into the anatomy class of the University of Utah Medical School, even though she determined to make art, and not medicine, her life profession.

Those who opposed gave praise when they recognized the use she put to the anatomy which characterized her beautiful sculptures. Mahonri Young, the international sculptor, wont to discourage students of sculpture because he knows its tremendous handicaps, when he saw Alice Bailey's work, said, "I would like you for a student, come to New York."

"The Challenge" a study from her own dear son and a cherished piece of sculpture, was given to the Ella Quayle Van Cott Vernal Central School Art Collection by the writer. It reveals wonderful child-quality. The Douglas School Parent-Teachers made a generous gift "Of Such Is the Kingdom" another lovely piece of modeling by Alice Morrey Bailey, to the very choice Douglas-Howell Robenbaum collection.

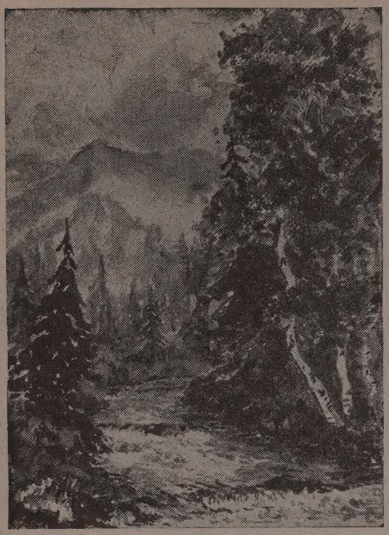
VIOLA HALE CURTIS has painted "Winter in Salt Lake Valley" which

—Viola H. Curtis

OBERHANSLEY BARN IN SPANISH FORK CANYON

was the writer's gift to Snow College, Ella Quayle Van Cott Memorial Art Collection. A lover of design would be repaid by a study of that Curtis painting. The row of hillside trees reveals a dozen or more tiny pictures between trunks of trees and boughs, as well. There are charming spots of lights and darks. There are cool colors against warm tones. In the Olympus Louis Heinzman Collection which hangs in the Snow College Library, is "Oberhansley Barn in Spanish Fork Canyon" by Mrs. Curtis. Autumn foliage casts its protecting shade over the pioneer barn. Though the barn is the main theme, every tree and bush and stone is placed to add its mite to the whole ensemble—a distinguished water color to which B. F. Larson has given praise. Mrs. Curtis has also painted the "Mormon Trail to Nauvoo."

Elsa Erickson Saxod's parents were high-bred religionaries—Scandinavian converts to Mormonism. They met and married in Utah, and made their home in the mountains. Two daughters and two sons blessed the union. Before Elsa, the eldest, was fourteen, her dear mother passed on. In three more years her father died. She took up her mother's, then her father's duties, and great



—Lucy T. Andersen

CANYON STREAM

were her responsibilities. Sure, faithful, serene, Elsa kept the children together, the four went through school successfully, and she brought them into safe waters. They rise up and call her blessed. Elsa "found" herself in the art class at West High with J. T. Harwood as instructor. Later, Mary Teasdel was also an inspiration to the young girl. When both teachers were abroad, Elsa came to the writer with sketches for advice. Elsa Erickson became the wife of a Swiss, Eugene Saxod, whose interest in mountain climbing persisted in Utah. Week-ends found the Saxod's searching for sketching grounds among our mountain lakes and canyon streams. Elsa's lovely paintings are often seen at Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution with the Utah Art Colony exhibitions, where a buyer is waiting for each canvas. Although a great artist, her first interest is in her charming home. An art collection is named for her in the Blaine School, Salt Lake City. At the moment, she is painting portraits of her gifted daughter. (One of Elsa's pictures is seen on the cover of this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine.*)

Lucy Taylor Andersen — The November-December Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution Tea Room Show of paintings contains thirty water colors by Lucy Andersen, who is among the young artists. The two mediums, oils and water colors, are quite differently handled. Pictures, in oil, will permit repainting several times. Not so water colors, which should be painted with a splash in a flash, as it were. However, each splash should be made with skill and with a view to securing a special effect. This water-color skill requires quick, intelligent decision, coupled with a degree of bravery almost to the point of rashness — the paper should be wet but once with paint. It is sure to make mud to repaint a water color.

Examine Lucy's thirty landscapes to mark the frankness, directness, boldness of this young artist's brushwork, which has the earmarks of style. Style which is inborn—never acquired by an artist. For once everything is favorable to an artist's career. Her interested husband, Waldo Andersen, wishing to further her career, has purchased oils for his wife to try a new medium for her pictures; her son is a devoted admirer. The mother and son go sketching together. Besides, she is the daughter of the artist, Rachel Grant Taylor, and her grandfather, Presi-

dent Grant, has promoted several generations of artists.

Irene Fletcher — It is an honor to be associated with so gifted an artist as Irene Fletcher, the wife of an artist, Calvin Fletcher, head of the Utah State Agricultural College Art Department. Herself a loving mother to her own children, she has been equally tender of the children whose mother died long before she married Professor Fletcher. The writer imagines the Irene Fletcher who would be backed by her home State, and supported with means from sales of her own paintings. Then much of the work that has so crowded her young days could be dispensed with. Were Irene Fletcher supported as her gifts deserve, she might become even greater than a national figure—a world painter. Mrs. Fletcher's works are seen to advantage in the Logan High School Ella Quayle Van Cott collection.

—Irene Fletcher

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

Minerva Kolhep Teichert — muralist of biblical subjects, pioneer life, wild life, and western themes, was born in Ogden, Utah. Her father, the son of a wealthy German Jew, ran away from home and was drawn West by a passion for Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and visited Utah where he remained. Minerva's mother pushed a handcart to the valley. The Kolheps moved from Ogden to a ranch near Old Fort Hall by the Indian Reservation. Minerva's gift to paint developed rapidly under her father's direction. Her young life became saturated with such things as Indians, pioneers, wild life, and the Bible, and it followed that the Western art student took fast strides at the Chicago Art Institute. There, she paid her way drawing cadavers for the medical students all the while perfecting her knowledge of anatomy which is also all-important to the muralist and figure painter. Minerva Kolhep won two free scholarships at the Art Students League of New York for her draftsmanship, awarded by Robert Henri. The young girl came home to a dying father. She married a rancher, Richard Teichert, and it was her lot to take part in the varied and fascinating activities of a large Wyoming ranch. Minerva, a brilliant conversationalist and eloquent speaker, converted her husband, Richard Teichert, who now serves in the bishopric in her hometown. They are parents of an intellectual daughter and four sons who, as types of cowboy philosophers, ride the range and

—Florence G. Smith

A BOWL OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

take courses at the Brigham Young University. These stalwart youths observe strictly the Word of Wisdom. Their interests in art, music, and cattle raising, sports, and religion are apparent in their conduct of life. South High School in Salt Lake City owns a fine collection of murals by Minerva K. Teichert which hang in the library. Perhaps no other high school in the country has a finer original collection of western life. There are "Captain Bonneville and the Trappers," Indian women's basketry and pottery making, and wild life subjects. Minerva and Laurie, the daughter, have recently returned from a painting trip to Mexico. Mrs. Teichert's new murals will be seen at the Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution exhibitions. (One of her paintings is used as the frontpiece of this month's *Magazine*.)

Florence Grant Smith — gifted daughter of President Heber J. Grant, is a water colorist of charm. She has a strong personality evinced in her direct and sincere method of painting, and has good selection of subject. Florence creates a home life of charm, and her leadership in Relief Society work will be remembered. Florence's marriage to Willard Richards Smith, a man of lofty integrity and fine taste, has been an inspiration and a source of strength to both. The two Grant artist daughters and granddaughter, are students

—Verla Birrell THE LAGOON

of the eminent water-colorist, Joseph A. F. Everett.

Verla Birrell, art instructor at the Brigham Young University, is often dubbed "globe trotter." Every summer this ambitious artist travels and paints. Verla has visited Europe, Africa, and South America, the East, and West, for subjects. She is not only intellectually endowed, not only possessed of a lofty attitude of mind and heart, but she goes forth with a certain openness to inspirations which come with new contacts, new themes, new environments, which she makes her own in her pictures. Her water colors are strong, and virile. Her criticisms are well directed and illuminating to her art students.

(To be continued)

CALL TO SERVICE

Gertrude Perry Stanton

This is the time to summon all
The inner strength each heart must hold;
That valiant steadfastness recall
To service, as new charts unfold.

This is the time for song that brings
—Remembering all that life holds dear—
Fresh courage to the one who sings
And high resolve to those who hear.

This is the time for love that brims
From inmost sources in its flow;
No cloud of hate its brilliance dims—
Our sons are priceless—tell them so!

This is the time for hope, not fear;
For vision far beyond the rod,
Beyond the cross that irks us here
To stronger, purer faith in God.

Palestine

Dr. Leland Hargrave Creer

Head of the Department of History and Political Science, University of Utah

[This is the first installment of the last article in the series by Dr. Creer on the historical backgrounds of some of the countries involved in the present war.—Ed.]

THE story of the Jews in world history, despite its interest, is a pathetic story of national impotence. For only a century have these hapless people enjoyed any real freedom or any semblance of political greatness. For the rest of their history, despite their continued occupancy for some one thousand years of their homeland in Palestine, they were never independent of external influences, never able to pursue without risk, a self-respecting policy, never free from the potential or actual interference of greater powers. Israel was subject to Syria, dismembered by Assyria, enslaved by Babylonia, and, finally, conquered and annexed by Rome. And yet the Jewish nation with no home, has made every nation its home; through good and evil fortune, it has preserved its nationalism so intact that no nation has been able to treat its Jewish citizens as a negligible quantity, nor to disregard the peculiarities of their customs and prejudices.

With the conquest of Turkey by the British in 1917, and the dramatic entrance of Field Marshall Viscount Allenby into Jerusalem, on December 17 of that year, thus ending Moslem rule in Palestine which had existed since 1244, the hopes of the Zionists to re-establish a National Home for the Jews were revived. The Zionists were encouraged in their efforts through the publication of the celebrated Balfour Declaration by the British in 1917, notice of which will appear later in this article. With the rise of Hitlerism and the advent of World War II, renewed Jewish persecutions in Nazi controlled areas have made the problem of Jewish rehabilitation extremely acute. It is estimated, for example, that of the 3,500,000 Jews originally in Poland, not a quarter of a million still live. Those who do are protected by non-Jewish members of the underground, or live like cave men, in the Polish forests. "They live to tell a story, not to save a people." But, as one authority says:

> Those Jews who live have learned one thing: a people without a homeland of their own is doomed. What Theodor Herzl preached long ago, while "the most highly civilized Jews" of Europe refused to listen, has been proved in our lifetime. And from one end of Europe to another, Jews sit down and weep, aye they weep, because they remember Zion. (THOMPSON, *To Whom Does Palestine Belong*, page 6)

But the founding of a National Home in Palestine for the Jews is not so simple. For more than twenty years, efforts in this direction have been thwarted by inter-racial, foreign, and domestic complications until today, the cause of the Zionists appears to be more hopeless than ever. But before reviewing the chaotic events associated with this prob-

—Drawing by Evan Jensen

PALESTINE

lem, let us first turn our attention to the resources and physiographical features of the country itself.

Palestine, the Holy Land, consists of very dissimilar districts and borders on regions of equal diversity in character. To the south lies a mountainous desert; to the east, the elevated plateau of the Syrian steppe; to the north, the republic of Lebanon; and to the west, the Mediterranean Sea. In the general configuration of the country, the most striking feature is that it does not rise uninterruptedly from the seacoast to the eastern plateau; but is divided into two unequal portions by the deep Jordan valley which ends in an inland lake, known as the Dead Sea. Palestine embraces 10,429 square miles—an area equal in size to that of the State of Vermont—and includes a population of 1,600,000 (estimate of 1944), of which 550,000 are Jews. It is primarily an agricultural country. The principal crops are wheat, melons, grapes, olives, and figs. The citrus fruits are chiefly oranges and grapefruit. Wine making is an extensive industry. Minerals found are limestone, sandstone, and gypsum. The valley of the Jordan and the shores of the Dead Sea yield rock salt and sulphur.

Since 1920, Palestine has made re-

markable economic progress, thanks to Jewish money and the initiative of the Zionists. More than $50,000,000 has been expended within the country during the last fifteen years. In addition to the reclamation of land and the increase of its agricultural productivity through extensive irrigation and intensive farming, much Zionist capital and labor have gone into projects of industrialization. Through the operation of the Palestine Electric Corporation, under the Rutenberg Commission, all the water power of the Jordan River has been utilized; under the direction of the Palestine Potash Limited, a Zionist corporation, not only a priceless supply of potash, but also bromides and other mineral salts have been extracted from the Dead Sea for commercial use. The New Match Factory at Acre, and the Necker Cement and Shermen Oil Factories at Haifa are further examples of large scale industries.

Before World War I, there were in Palestine 1235 industrial undertakings, most of them Arab; in 1933, there were 5290, of which 3000 were Jewish, employing 16,000 workers. In 1937, the number of Jewish enterprises was 5,606, employing 30,040. The area of land in Jewish possession had increased from 102,150 acres, in 1920, to 320,000 in 1938. A Hebrew university was established at Jerusalem, in 1925.

Lastly, the Zionists have made a contribution of another and rather unexpected sort. They have organized model collective farms and various types of co-operative societies. These have made for solidarity in the Zionist communities and have, at the same time, furnished the Arabs with practical examples of economic collaboration and co-operation. These societies, many of which are managed by the *Histadruth*, or Jewish Federation of Labor, cover banking, credit and insurance, contracting, transportation, marketing, irrigation, and even land-purchasing. There are also producers' and consumers' co-operative associations.

IN all the perplexed and turbulent history of the Palestinian mandate (1922-1944), a few salient points need to be sufficiently clarified. The essence of the present Arab-Jewish tension emerges from certain facts, however much the facts themselves may appear to be obscured by accidental incidents. Two races inhabit Palestine today, both of which are there of right and not of sufferance. Both races are entitled to hope for national expansion, coupled with social and economic betterment; and both have cultural and spiritual affections with the land they share in common. Both peoples, too, advance claims based upon promises and commitments by the Allies, particularly Great Britain and France, which appear to be vaguely and quite inaccurately understood. Both races, in fact, are not necessarily or wholly incompatible, neither are they mutually antagonistic "except in so far as their respective and conflicting ambitions make them so." *The crux of the problem is that both races are intensely nationalistic and aspire to political ascendancy.*

The Arab case is based on three considerations: First, the Arabs were in actual possession of Palestine before World War I began. The population of Southern Syria was

ninety per cent Arab in 1914, and Syria had been Arab since the seventh century A. D. Second, the Arab nationalists claim that they have earned the boon of independence, because they aided the British during World War I against the Turks. This fact, however, be it noted, is less true of the Palestinian Arabs (who did not rise as a body against the Turks) than of their kinsmen in other parts of Syria. Third, the Arabs of the Hedjaz and of Northern Syria had extracted a promise of independence from the British Government in October 1915, as the price of their collaboration with the Allies. This promise, embodied in the so-called McMahon Pledge (a communication written by British High Commissioner of Egypt, Sir Henry McMahon, to Sheriff Hussein of Mecca) granted political independence to the Arabs within certain territorial limits, and with the important reservation, note, that "British promises could be made with respect to those regions only wherein Great Britain was free to act without detriment to the interests of her ally, France." Furthermore, be it noted "Jerusalem and Palestine were never mentioned by name anywhere in the McMahon Pledge. By inference, however, Palestine was excluded." (*Age of Conflict*, page 397.)

The first modification of the McMahon Pledge was made in May 1916, when Great Britain signed the Sykes-Picot Agreement with France and Russia. In this document, prospective areas of French control and spheres of influence were outlined. Thus the British gave specific recognition to the "French interests" referred to in the McMahon Pledge. But, at the same time, the Sykes-Picot Agreement specifically provided for the erection of an independent Arab state or a confederation of Arab states; and it also made provision for the placing of Palestine and the Holy Places under a special international agency of control "with a view to securing the religious interests of the Entente Powers."

Promises to the Jews with respect to Palestine were also made by the British, but subsequent in date to both the McMahon Pledge and the Sykes-Picot Agreement. The important Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917 (a communication from Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Alfred Balfour, to Lord Rothschild, leader of the Zionist Movement) stated that the British Government viewed with favor the founding in Palestine of a Jewish National Home, "it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." Again, it is important to note that the Jews were never promised that Palestine would be established as a predominantly Jewish state, but merely, that Palestine would become an area available for Jewish refugees who desired there to found for themselves a National Home. And here again is the crux of the question restated. Both Arabs and Jews, for nationalistic reasons, are determined to constitute the majority race in Palestine.

SUCH was the situation at the end of World War I; and British and Zionist officials at once sought to obtain Arab acquiescence to the fulfillments of their wartime commit-

ments to both races in Palestine. At first they were successful. At Paris, in 1919, the Emir Feisal, official Arab representative at the Paris Peace Conference, showed a commendable willingness to collaborate. Feisal agreed to accept the Balfour Declaration, however, only on condition that the Allies set up a single Arab state in the interior, with its capital at Damascus. At the Conference, he is reported as saying: "If the Arabs were to rule a state stretching from Aleppo to Mecca, they could afford to allow Lord Balfour's small Palestinian notch to be occupied by the Jews." And his interesting comment: "The Jews are very close to the Arabs in blood, and there is no conflict of character between the two races." (*Age of Conflict*, pages 399-400.)

But Feisal was doomed to disappointment. In March 1920, a Congress of Syrian Notables assembled at Damascus. On this occasion, Feisal was offered and accepted the crown of Syria and Palestine. This action, however, was at once repudiated by the Allies who forthwith called the fateful Conference of San Remo, where, in April 1920, the Council of the League of Nations conferred the mandates for Syria and Lebanon on France, and the mandate for Mesopotamia, Trans-Jordania, and Palestine on Great Britain. The wrath of the Arabs knew no bounds. Disappointed in not securing tacit recognition of an independent Greater Syrian Kingdom, the enraged Nationalists focused their opposition not only against the unpopular French-imposed mandates, but also against the aspirations of the Zionists in Palestine. It is also unfortunate that the San Remo Conference completely disregarded the recommendation of the King-Crane Commission, which, in 1919, had urged the incorporation of Syria, Lebanon, and Palestine into a single mandate because of the predominantly Arab population in these countries. This action of the San Remo Conference violated another promise, the Anglo-French Declaration of November 7, 1918, which had explicitly assured the peoples of Palestine, Syria, and Iraq that they were to have a voice in the eventual establishment of their prospective administrations.

(*To be continued*)

THE LOST CHILD

Alice Morrey Bailey

My child is lost, as in Jerusalem
A child was lost long years ago.
Did his mother's feet, in panic
Wildly seek him to and fro?
Did she, too, fear evil men?
And did her heart so dully beat?
Did she, in terror, scan the crowds
And call him in the empty street?
Did her fingers touch with longing
His recent kiss upon her face?
Oh, God, I pray that I, like she
Find my son in a holy place.

Be Strong, My Heart!

Marguerite J. Griffin

THE world is bathed in blood—the blood of the youth whose destiny should have been its hope, its strength of tomorrow.

The world is haunted with hunger—with gnawing famine that emaciates the body.

The world is polluted with pestilence more destructive than disease carried forth on every wind—it is the hate of men.

The world is steeped in sorrow. Nearly every heart feels its touch. Nearly every home hears its step.

And I, in my small selfishness—I had dared to give thanks that my sons were young, too young to hear this call to arms. But that was a year ago, when my oldest boy could only touch the trolley strap with his finger tips, when he had to cling to my hand, or, if he wished to be more independent, to the vertical bar placed at intervals for that purpose. Yes, that was a year ago at Christmas time, but this year—

The trolley was crowded. We had to stand. I was thinking of many things. How there was not much Christmas happiness upon the faces of people. How there were lines of anxiety instead. A pregnant girl, sitting nearby, was wistfully reading a letter and looking at snapshots it contained of a soldier's company, of the soldier alone, undoubtedly the father of her unborn babe. My heart twisted at the calm look of resigned courage that filled her young face as she, at last, folded her letter and put it away. Perhaps this was not the first time she had read it. Perhaps this was all she would ever have. But here was I, with my little brood of three safely clinging near me, going to a well-established house, where night would welcome home the security of a loving father. Here was I with so much.

My eyes turned thankfully to my children, and then I saw the thing that made me gasp. My brood was clinging to me, did I say? Yes. All but my oldest son, and he was hanging to the strap quite comfortably, not stretching to make it, but with plenty of slack in the bend of his elbow. Last year—only last year he could not do it! How fast a boy becomes a man! Why was I so blind not to see? What made me think I would be spared?

There was a woman, I knew, whose boys during World War I were young like mine. She was thankful for that, then, too. It was easier to see brother or husband go than this flesh of her flesh. But today one son is in Italy and the other in England. That was today. Tomorrow? Who knows?

How fast a lad of eleven becomes a man in a militant world where boys are called men at eighteen! Will my heart never cease pounding with this thought? His face is young. His eyes full of dreams. What kind of a world will it be in seven short years that pass like the rush of wind? What kind of a mother will I be?

Let me find the courage to take what life may bring! Let me fortify

my heart so that nothing can break through to agonize my soul. Pain of body, that is bad, but pain of soul, that is worse. Science has done much to find healing medicines for the flesh, but for the sickening heart hurts of men, what is there? For the pain a mother feels when she reads the words: "Regret to report . . . Missing in action. . . ." Dear God, what is there then?

THAT is it! That is the answer! That is the solace! As a little child who meets with sudden grief runs blindly home, calling: "Mother! Daddy!" So do we in moments of direst pain call out instinctively to the Father of us all: "Dear God." And in that calling our pain is a little more bearable, for the Maker of us all knows the hearts of men. In time of stress we cry out. We cease to question the proposition, is there a God. We know.

That night the warmth of my home seemed more cozy. The laughter of my children seemed more blessed, my husband's arms more protective. The walls, the dishes, the rugs, the hearth all gleamed with a poignancy I had never seen before. There was the feeling in my heart that I must love every minute of time, for it was ticking away, slowly, surely, yet with a speed that was breath-taking. In my little world there was peace and quiet. In the big world not so far away were guns and blood and pain. And in my own heart there was no tranquility now. But I must find it! I must not be burdened with dread, with fear! I must fortify against the future so I might cling to this present and enjoy the sweetness of each moment, until—until—come what may.

That night after the children were in bed, I took down my Bible. I opened it and read. I had always loved the Bible. I had read a little in it, from time to time. I had loved the beauty of its words, the poetry of its phrases. I had taken a course in Bible Appreciation once. But tonight as I read with a heart made mellow by fear and dread, I caught the Spirit that was clothed in those words: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Oh, America, why have your Bibles been gathering dust upon the shelves these many years? Know you not that your very forbears forsook the ancient lands across the seas that they might worship God according to the dictates of their consciences? In the main, they came not for gold, for adventure; for they were peaceful men and women, lovers of home and industry. They came for freedom. Freedom from more than shackles upon the flesh. They came for the glorious freedom of the soul, freedom to worship God, freedom for the pursuit of happiness.

I am thankful for every one of my forebears who came to this land of liberty. It was sacrifice to come so far to an unknown land, to start life over again. But because of their sacrifices I was born here upon a blessed, upon an abundant land. Their toil has been my heritage. And what have I done with it? I had forgotten what they gave their blood for. I had forgotten why they did it, until now when the battle is being fought all over again. And what of the Book—that Book of Books they brought with them, from

which their children first learned to read, the Book that formed the philosophy of their justice one with another—that Book which some of their descendants had nearly forgotten?

But today, mothers buy a pocket edition for their sons as they leave the family hearth, as they sail across the seas. And this new youth, serious, shaken, is reading the timeless pages, drinking deep from the well that is never dry, that is waiting for the finger to open a page, for lips to breathe the words: "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Rest to the wounded, rest to the weary, rest to the heart-broken. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

So I must learn of him who gave his only Son. I must strengthen the defenses about my soul, that America may be truly strong without and within, that she may hold a little higher her Torch of Liberty to shed its healing rays upon despairing peoples everywhere.

"Wherefore, take upon you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." To the future then, whatever may come —Be strong, my heart!

BETHLEHEM THE BLESSED

Alice Whitson Norton

There is a city strange and old,
Hemmed in by fields of grain,
Dust on its quaint, old, battered walls,
For centuries has lain.

Yet, ever in its pulseless heart
Remains the secret deep,
'Twas here the wise men first beheld
God's infant Son asleep.

'Twas here angelic hosts appeared
Above the bare old earth,
To broadcast with a loving voice,
The blessed Savior's birth.

And where that blessed baby lay,
Tonight the stars smile down,
A silent benediction on
This well-remembered town.

It Isn't the Gifts

Olive W. Burt

[This story relates another episode in the lives of the appealing orphans, Janet and Stevie.—Ed.]

JANET, packing her few, small belongings into the battered suitcase she'd found in the basement, tried to hide the bitter disappointment that was burning like tears behind her eyes. She put a bright, false smile on her lips and looked at her small brother, Stevie, who was slamming his own pajamas and clean shirts and socks into another small suitcase.

Janet couldn't blame Stevie for being unhappy; she was desperately unhappy herself—and she was old enough to understand things.

Stevie, looking up and seeing Janet watching him, said, "It's just like sending us back to the—home!" and tears he'd been holding back began to fall.

Janet went and put her arms around him. She understood that he was referring—not to their own going away from this little house where they had been so happy and had so much fun—but to sending Spot to a "dog's boarding house" for the next week or two.

"Now, Stevie!" she begged, "Spot's going to have lots of fun—he'll be with a lot of little dogs and they'll have everything nice. Remember when daddy and mommy took us to Denver and we stayed in a hotel? It was fun, wasn't it? Well, Spot's going to have fun."

"Will they have a Christmas tree for him?" Steve asked haltingly.

"I wouldn't be surprised!" Janet said, "And maybe it'll be loaded with big bones and packages of dog candy!"

Stevie smiled, forgetting his trouble for a moment. He and Janet had come across small packages labeled "dog candy" in the five-and-ten-cent store, and had been delightfully surprised to learn that dogs were taken care of in this essential matter. The little boy looked happier as he went on with his packing.

But Janet wasn't happier. She looked ahead to the two weeks of Christmas vacation with dread. It was going to be the worst Christmas—the very worst—she had ever had. And she had thought it was going to be so lovely, with the new baby and all!

Early last summer, Mrs. Allen, who had taken Janet and Stevie from the orphan's home and made them very happy by loving them, had told Janet that she was expecting to have a new baby of her very own. Janet had been scared, right at first, thinking it would make a difference in the Allens' feeling toward her and her small brother. But she had found out that it made the Allens love their little adopted children even more than before.

Janet and her "mother" had had great fun planning for the new baby—making tiny clothes, lining a bassinet, getting together all the doll-sized things necessary. Then, suddenly, Mr. Allen had had to go to war, and a good deal of the joy had left the little house. Mrs. Allen had tried to be gay and cheerful as always, but Janet could see she was worried. Stevie, who had been a pal to his daddy, was lonesome. And

Janet, who adored the tall, good-natured man with a special adoration, felt an emptiness that it seemed nothing would ever fill.

She had hoped the baby would come and liven things up a bit. Then she had come home from school on this last day before Christmas vacation to find Mrs. Peterson, a neighbor, waiting for her.

"Your mother's gone to the hospital," Mrs. Peterson said bluntly, "and you and Steve are to stay with me until she can come home again."

Alarm gripped Janet. "Is she going to be all right? Has the baby come?" she asked.

"She'll be all right, I guess," Mrs. Peterson said casually. "But your mother isn't as young as she might be, and it's not so easy to have your first baby at her age."

"The baby hasn't come, then?" Janet was watching the neighbor, trying to read in her face the things she wasn't saying.

"No. And it may be several days yet. No one can tell. Your mother got sick this afternoon, and Dr. Small said she'd better go to the hospital, even if they were so crowded they didn't want to take anyone in that could stay out."

Janet was still more frightened. She and her mother had talked about that, and Janet was sure Dr. Small would never have ordered her mother to the hospital unless she was pretty sick.

"Daddy!" she cried, "does daddy know?"

"Your mother had me send a telegram to him, but there's been no answer as yet. But you'd better get some things into a bag—just your nightclothes and toothbrush and comb—you can run back here for clean clothes as you need them. For Steve, too. But I won't have that dog in my house. Tippy would hate it."

"But what can we do? We can't leave Spot here all alone!"

"I told your mother I'd take care of you children, but not the dog, and she told me to call the dog boarding house and have them come and get him for a couple of weeks."

"Dog boarding house?" Janet had never heard of such a thing. It struck her funny and she started to smile. Then she remembered Stevie and the smile died. Stevie had planned on this Christmas with Spot as much as she had planned on it with the new baby, whom they had expected to be here for the big day.

Now all this was changed. She and Stevie would be at Mrs. Peterson's for Christmas—and Mrs. Peterson did not like children very well, and she didn't like dogs at all. It wasn't going to be Christmas—it was going to be a lonely and sad time for all of them.

Stevie had come running up the path just then, and Janet had pulled herself together, stuck a smile on her face, and tried to make her news sound exciting and gay. But Stevie was no fool. He caught the implication of the announcement as completely as Janet had done. And now he was packing his bag with little grace.

"If her old cat Tippy doesn't like Spot," he said ferociously, "I won't like Tippy. I guess I can make Tippy pretty sorry that she doesn't like Spot. I bet—."

Janet had visions of her beloved brother turning into a monster that pulled cats' tails, kicked over saucers

of milk, and made life miserable for everyone, including himself.

The bell rang, and Mrs. Peterson called, "Janet, better get that dog. Here's the man for him!"

Janet thought fiercely, "If she had any sense at all she would not do it like that!" But Stevie had dashed past her out of the room. He threw his arms about the dog and clutched him close.

"Listen, Stevie," Janet said firmly, "daddy told you to be the man of the house, and you're acting like a baby. Did daddy bawl and hug us when he had to leave us? You bet he didn't. He kissed us goodby and marched away like a soldier. Well—"

Stevie swallowed hard. He hugged Spot convulsively, kissed his funny face and said, choking, "Go along, Spot. Be a good dog!"

The man who'd come for Spot said, "That's a big fellow. We'll take good care of him," snapped a leash on Spot's collar and led him down the path to a waiting car. Stevie stood by the window, waving, till the car was out of sight.

"Come along, now," Mrs. Peterson said, not unkindly. "We'd better be getting over to my place and settled for the night."

THEY locked up the little house and followed Mrs. Peterson down the walk. Janet knew that Stevie felt as she did—that they were locking the door on Christmas.

Just at bedtime the phone rang, and Mrs. Peterson called to Janet, "Your mother wants to talk to you."

Janet flew to the phone, Stevie at her heels.

"Mommy! Mommy!" she cried, relief making her voice shrill. "You're well enough to talk! Has the baby come?"

Her mother's laugh was reassuring.

"I'm feeling pretty fine, Janet. No, the baby hasn't come yet. Isn't that naughty—to keep us waiting like this? How are you and Stevie?"

They talked. Janet was amazed that her mother's voice sounded perfectly well. It reassured her somewhat, even though Mrs. Allen explained that she would have to stay in the hospital till the baby came, and for sometime afterward.

"Can we come and see you?" Janet asked hopefully, but her mother explained that children weren't allowed in that part of the hospital, and they'd just have to wait till she could come home.

"I'll phone you every morning and evening to say good morning and goodnight," she promised, "and I'll have the nurse phone the minute the baby comes. And if daddy—." Only then did her mother's voice falter, and Janet's heart jerked to attention. After a very brief pause, her mother went on. "If daddy phones or writes or telegraphs you phone me. Or if anything else happens and you need me, Janet, be sure to call. I won't tell you to be good and mind Mrs. Peterson because I know you will—and we're going to have a mighty good time afterward to make up for being separated like this at Christmas. Now let me talk to Stevie a minute."

Janet gave her mother a "telephone kiss" for goodnight and handed the receiver to Stevie, who was jumping up and down in his impatience to hear his mother's voice.

Well, Janet thought, it's up

to me. She'd have to help Stevie make the best of this strange Christmas in a strange house. Maybe the baby would get here before Christmas, after all. And if it hurried real fast, maybe Mother could get home for Christmas. But there wasn't much hope of that.

The days passed slowly. Janet helped Mrs. Peterson all she could, but it took most of her time to keep Stevie out of mischief. There were no playthings and no place to play such as he had at home. Mrs. Peterson hated clutter and noise and all the things Stevie adored. So, though Stevie generally got along famously with women—they adored his dark, burnished curls, and his shy, friendly smile—Mrs. Peterson and the little boy were always at outs.

And not only was Janet continually on the alert to keep Stevie out of trouble, but she was continuously worried over her father and mother. Her daddy hadn't written or telephoned or telegraphed—and that meant only one thing to Janet. He'd been sent overseas and was being exposed to all those fearful things she'd seen in the movies. Every time she thought of her father she said a little, breathless prayer without words—just her heart calling to God and reminding him that her daddy needed a little special care right now.

And then there was anxiety over her mother and the baby, and the disappointment over Christmas. Janet felt, sometimes, as if her thin little shoulders would break under their load of worry.

Every time the phone rang she tensed and waited, longing to fly to it, to hear daddy's gentle, deep voice or her mother's reassuring promises. So when, on the second day of their stay with Mrs. Peterson, she heard a strange woman's voice, her first feeling was disappointment. But excitement welled up at the words, "Janet, your mother asked me to call and tell you that you have a new baby sister!"

"Oh!" cried Janet. "A sister! Oh, daddy will be glad! Can I come and see her now? How's mommy?"

"Your mommy's just fine. And the baby is lovely. But I'm sorry, Janet. They just won't let little girls come to the hospital to see the new babies. You'll have to wait till your mommy brings it home."

"But when will she come home?"

The nurse laughed a little. "Not for a few days."

"How many?" Janet insisted, calculating swiftly that Christmas was still five whole days away.

"Well," the nurse hesitated, "we've been sending mothers home on the fourth or fifth day if they had someone there to take care of them, because we're so crowded. But in this case—I'm afraid your mother will have to stay ten days, or maybe two weeks."

Janet's last hope died. Her mother couldn't possibly get home for Christmas, then. Tears filled her eyes, and she knew that she had been counting on that, counting on their all being together with the new baby for the special day that was meant to be kept by families held close in love and companionship.

She managed to say goodby and turned from the phone, unable to keep back her tears any longer.

Janet hated to cry. She had known little girls at the Home who cried over the smallest things—cried and sniffed and did nothing about

their troubles, so Janet had no patience with them. She had always found it better to think a way out of her difficulties and not waste tears on them. But today, even the joy of having a tiny new baby sister was not enough to keep the tears away.

Janet ran to the little bedroom Mrs. Peterson was letting her use, threw herself across the bed, and sobbed.

But she wasn't allowed to have her cry out in peace. She had no sooner abandoned herself to disappointment than she heard a loud and startled yowl from Tippy, followed by a scream from Mrs. Peterson, and a stream of angry shouts. Janet's tears dried as she jumped from the bed and ran out. She knew instinctively that Stevie was in trouble, and, without a thought, she flew to rescue him.

She did. She caught his flying figure as Mrs. Peterson reached for it. Above Stevie's head, Janet's eyes pleaded with the woman.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Maybe Stevie didn't mean to hurt Tippy. Oh, Mrs. Peterson, let's put him in the bedroom a minute and talk about what we should do."

It took all Janet's tact and persuasive powers to save the day from tragedy, but she knew that she couldn't go on mollifying Mrs. Peterson. She also knew that she would just die if the woman ever struck Stevie.

THAT night she lay straight and still on her bed and thought. The nurse had said they could send mothers home in four days if they had someone to care for them. Four days—that would be Christmas Eve. If only they had someone to take care of mommy! There ought to be someone, some place. Surely there were nurses to be hired? But you'd need money. Well, she had money.

Janet got up and went to her little suitcase. She rummaged under the clothes and found the little box that held her Christmas money. Seven dollars and twenty cents! It was a great deal of money. Janet had saved it to buy special presents for those she loved: a football for Stevie; a rose bowl for her mother; a wallet for daddy; a rattle for the new baby.

Now, as she looked at her little hoard, Janet thought, But Christmas isn't just *presents!* It's something else—something inside you. If you haven't got that, all the presents in the world won't make you happy. And if you have got it, you don't need gifts. We can't ever have that something if Stevie gets bad, or if we're all scattered and unhappy. She looked at her money again, and made up her mind. The very first thing the next morning she called the hospital, and, in the most grown-up voice she could assume, she asked if they had nurses to rent, and how much they cost. The girl at the hospital explained carefully—there were no nurses to go to homes. So many had gone to war and to hospitals where wounded soldiers were. There just weren't any left. And she didn't know where Janet could find one.

Janet hung up the phone. Her plan hadn't been any good after all. Then she set her jaw stubbornly, and went into action again.

The city newspaper had an information department that would answer any question you asked. Daddy had often called for baseball scores and mommy had asked for recipes.

Janet dialed the number and asked, "Where can a person rent a nurse?"

The girl who answered questions thought a minute.

"Have you tried the Visiting Nurse Association?" she asked.

"What's that?" Janet wanted to know.

The girl explained. Then she went on, "If you can't get anyone there, why don't you call the Relief Society of the Latter-day Saint Church? I understand they have good, practical nurses who will go into a home to help in case of emergency, at a very reasonable price."

"Oh, thanks!" Janet almost yelled. "I didn't know that.'

She hung up and her fingers were trembling as she dialed the number of Mrs. Gilmore. Mrs. Gilmore was a friend of mommy's and she was president of the ward Relief Society.

Janet breathlessly told her problem. "And I've got money to pay," she said, "seven dollars and twenty cents!"

Mrs. Gilmore's voice was gentle as she answered, "Why, of course, Janet. I think I can get someone to come. I'll see what I can do."

The next morning Mrs. Gilmore called Janet, and it was all arranged. A woman would help Janet get the house ready, and then she'd come in and take care of Mrs. Allen as long as she was needed. Mrs. Gilmore had called the hospital and they said mommy was well enough to come home in an ambulance on the next day—Christmas Eve!

Janet ran to Mrs. Peterson.

"You've been awfully good to Stevie and me," she said, "and it was kind of you to take us in and take all this trouble with us. But mommy wanted to be home for Christmas—and she can come home—the doctor said. So do you mind if I go over to get the house fixed up? Mrs. Gilmore is sending a lady to help."

Mrs. Peterson smiled down at Janet, and Janet was surprised to see how kind looking she was.

"I'll help, too, Janet," she said.

Between them they got the little house all spick and span, the front rooms decorated with Christmas greens and paper chains that Stevie worked so hard to make he didn't have any time to get into mischief. They got mommy's bedroom ready, with the bassinet on two chairs near the big bed.

STEVIE and Janet stayed that night at Mrs. Peterson's, but they were over home again bright and early the next day, working and planning. Whenever Janet thought of the gifts she had meant to buy, she felt a funny little pang. But it wasn't regret. No, she was keeping the seven dollars and twenty cents to pay for the nurse. And that was all she could give the family.

Mrs. Peterson phoned for Spot, and he got home early in the afternoon. The reunion between Stevie and the dog was something to see, and Janet felt that her money was well spent if only this one happiness came from it.

A little later the ambulance backed up to the curb and mommy was brought into the house on a stretcher. She was a little pale, but smiling, and oh, so happy to be home, and oh, so proud of the tiny bundle she held carefully against her breast.

As soon as Mrs. Glenn, the woman who had come to nurse mommy,

allowed it, Janet and Stevie went into the bedroom and stood looking at their mother and baby sister. They climbed up onto the big bed and watched the tiny newcomer take her dinner. Watching, Janet felt something swell in her throat. It was just like the picture of Mary with the baby Jesus. She had never dreamed anything so lovely would ever come into her life—so near that she could reach out and touch it.

Without knowing she was singing, Janet began, "Silent Night, Holy Night," and Stevie joined in. Janet saw her mother look at her with bright, happy eyes, and then she, too, began to sing.

None of them heard the door open or saw someone enter and stand looking at them. They finished their song and the silence that followed was broken by the deep voice they all loved so well, familiar and hearty, but with a strange catch in it, "Beautiful, beautiful Christmas!"

And there was daddy! Bigger and handsomer than ever in his beautiful uniform. No one knew how it happened, but there he was, beside the bed, with Mommy and Stevie and Janet and tiny Carol in his arms all at once—And he was crying—their daddy was crying! Janet buried her face against the rough, nice smelling jacket and let her own tears fall.

But only for a moment. Then daddy had them all laughing. He was looking at the baby and his face was comical.

"Is that what we've made all the fuss about?" he asked, and winked at Janet. Then he said to Stevie, "We men folks will have to watch out around here, now the women have outnumbered us—if you think that scrap will ever be a woman!"

It was Christmas Eve and they were all together once more—just as Janet had dreamed they would be some day, just as she had secretly prayed they might be this very Christmas. She didn't have any presents for them—she didn't believe there was a present in the whole house. But what did that matter? She could explain about her money tomorrow, and daddy could explain why he hadn't telephoned, and mommy could explain why she had been rushed to the hospital, and Stevie could explain what he'd done to Tippy—if they wanted explanations. Janet didn't—

I don't want a single thing more, she thought happily. This is the real Christmas. It was lovely!

Visit Our Shop

Opposite the south gates of Temple Square is an interesting place that you will enjoy visiting—the Mormon Handicraft Gift Shop. Gifts found there are suitable for almost all occasions. They are well made, of good material, unique in design, usable and moderately priced. You will find beautiful handmade articles; such as luncheon sets, doilies, quilts, aprons, pillowcases, sweaters, rugs, handkerchiefs, clothing for babies, and novelties.

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115th Semi-Annual Conference

Elder Joseph J. Cannon

First Assistant General Superintendent in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association

THE famed autumn weather of Salt Lake Valley was at its best during the three days of the 115th semi-annual conference of the Church, October 6th, 7th, and 8th. Those admitted within the gray walls of Temple Square found it an island of beauty. Due to the restrictions of travel, this was again a Priesthood conference—leaders of stakes, wards, and quorums, mission presidents of continental United States, Canada, and Mexico, and general boards of men's auxiliaries. There were seven regular sessions, including the Priesthood meeting Saturday evening, and two separate meetings Friday evening for Melchizedek and Aaronic Priesthood leaders. Each session lasted two hours. The music was mostly congregational with appropriate male solos, but on Saturday evening the male chorus of the Tabernacle choir stirred the great audience, and Sunday morning the full choir made the customary broadcast, the 795th, and sang for the Columbia Church of the Air program. All of the regular sessions, except Priesthood meeting Saturday evening, were broadcast over KSL from Salt Lake City, and KSUB from Cedar City, and the Sunday morning session over KFXD at Nampa, Idaho. Thirty of the thirty-one general authorities were present, Elder Alma Sonne, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, filling a call to Hawaii. A spirit of gravity pervaded the gathering. The men had come when traveling was difficult and time very precious, some of them suffering bereavement through war casualties, and practically all filled with anxiety for sons or brothers in the service. President David O. McKay conducted the meetings.

The outstanding event of the conference was the appearance and address of President Heber J. Grant. The hearts of the men of Israel rejoiced to see their leader in his accustomed place. His message, read by Elder Joseph Anderson, had the typical clarion quality of President Grant's sermons, stirring the saints to repentance and activity, and it had a remarkable comforting influence as well.

In faithful parents whose children have not followed in their footsteps, the President revived hope:

> There comes to mind an experience in connection with my brother, Fred, after our father died. Because of the mistreatment of a stepfather, and neglect, as a young man my brother ran away, and I was told by Brother Mariner W. Merrill, at that time bishop of Richmond, Utah, that the night after my brother ran away, he, Brother Merrill, went to bed rebellious.
>
> And that night, so Brother Merrill told me, he had a dream in which he saw my brother in all kinds of wicked company in many different states, and he saw that a light surrounded him. In the dream he said: "What does that light mean?" And a voice answered: "That is the influence that a faithful, God-fearing and God-serving father can have over a son to keep him from going astray, and to eventually bring him back to the truth."
>
> Years later when my brother did come

back and joined the Church, as I related here last conference, he fulfilled Brother Merrill's dream, because Brother Merrill said that he saw him laboring all over the Church, bringing wayward boys to a knowledge of the truth, and he did labor from Canada to Mexico in that service.

To those who have suffered the death of loved ones, President Grant offered sympathy, telling of his own bereavements and the sustaining power of the Lord that had come to him.

The President's address also contained a plea for the clean life, a theme which became very strong in the following discourses:

I want it understood that the use of liquor and tobacco is one of the chief means in the hands of the adversary whereby he is enabled to lead boys and girls from chastity.

Nearly always those who lose their chastity first partake of those things that excite passions within them or lower their resistance and becloud their minds. Partaking of tobacco and liquor is calculated to make them a prey to those things which, if indulged in, are worse than death itself.

And the President sounded another of the conference themes with his appeal for prayer:

I have little or no fear for the boy or girl, the young man or the young woman, who honestly and conscientiously supplicates God daily for the guidance of his spirit. I am sure that when temptation comes they will have the strength to overcome it by inspiration that shall be given to them. I am convinced that one of the greatest and one of the best things in all the world to keep a man true and faithful in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, is to supplicate God secretly in the name of his Son, for the guidance of his holy Spirit.

The head of the Church of Christ invoked blessings "upon Israel and upon all honest men everywhere," "all the men and women who preside in all the stakes of Zion throughout the Church, in all the missions, in all the quorums of the Priesthood, and in all auxiliary organizations," and on "every man and woman who is laboring for the salvation of the souls of men and keeping the commandments of God."

May he bless our youth away, and us at home, and give his direction to the leaders of nations, and speedily bring about the accomplishment of his purposes. May he bless you, one and all, and every honest man and woman that lives upon the face of the earth.

PRESIDENT J. Reuben Clark spoke of another matter that was frequently referred to by subsequent speakers, that of preparing for the return to the men from the service —spiritual postwar planning.

Our children have gone out into the battle fronts. We have sent them out as boys, as children in experience. We are going to have them back as premature men who have undergone trials of which we know nothing. Some will return, we hope most of them, triumphant over temptation and sin, seasoned in righteousness and courage and everything that goes to make a man of God. Some, however, are going to come back wounded in spirit, with questions in their minds. What are we going to do with them? . . .

What kind of homes are we going to have them come home to? Will they be homes of contention, of discord, or will they be homes of patience, charity, of righteous living, or homes of confidence and of love and respect for their fellowmen?

Are we going to bring them back into Latter-day Saint homes and then nurture and rebuild them until they get back to normal spiritually? This is a bit of postwar planning that we can do now. Seek the spirit of the Lord, ask his help, that our families can live righteously and be prepared for these boys when they come home.

President David O. McKay gave a stern warning that there will be continuing war on the earth if we do not overcome the evils that brought on the last two world conflicts. He pleaded for the spirit of justice and brotherhood.

After all the suffering, after all the destruction of human life, shall we be so blind as to have it start all over again? If the germ of hate is permitted to develop, if strong nations strive to dominate the weak as Mussolini did to Ethiopia, as Japan did to Manchuria; if the few ruling nations mighty in the implements of warfare, seek to dominate weaker nations and tell them how to live and what to do; if they seek success only in materialism and shut their eyes to the value of human souls; if they reject the teachings of Christ and pursue their selfish interests, history will repeat itself and the world will be plunged into another war, and again the Lord in pity and sorrow will weep over the folly and blindness of the human race.

It was estimated that ten million people listened to the choir broadcast and Church of the Air address. The latter, by Elder Ezra T. Benson of the Council of the Twelve, set before America the Lord's promise, recorded in the Book of Mormon, that this is a choice land and will be free from bondage and captivity and from all other nations under heaven if the people will but serve the God of the land, Jesus Christ.

Every session was filled with practical suggestions for better living with spiritual incentive. Some of these follow:

It is not plain how God hears and answers prayer, but he does.

Through adjustment of quotas, we will receive a much larger number of chaplains in the armed forces.

California has grown from a weak mission to strong stakes and populous missions.

The golden rule should show the way in professions, politics, and all phases of life.

All should struggle to co-ordinate belief and practice.

There is wonderful virtue in work, without which faith is dead.

God cannot be found by study alone.

Salvation by government is delusive.

The duty of the Priesthood is to cultivate the souls of the Church.

Better dead than alive unclean.

The plan of God is here to fertilize the fields of the Church.

Young Latter-day Saints are bearing arms to the number of 70,000.

Settle problems through the Holy Ghost, righteous living, thinking, and prayer and the counsel of the Authorities.

Do away with the madness of pleasure.

There is no question so important as religion.

Joseph Smith invaded economics, science, and spiritual fields, and time moves toward the proof of his teachings.

Prayer will not avail much if we do not repent of our sins.

The gospel plan has many fields of activity, and we should follow the program of the Church.

Make a habit of reading some thoughtful matter fifteen to thirty minutes a day.

Learn to think for yourself.

Patriarchal blessings should be sacred to those who receive them.

This conference has been a cry of repentance.

Sons and daughters should not scheme to make their parents objects of charity.

It is just as logical to fail to pay tithing as to fail to pay taxes.

There is a tremendous responsibility on mission presidents to adjust young men and women to their work.

To act on the thought that the end justifies the means is monstrous.

It is a wise man who knows what to seek in prayer.

It was a great conference—great in its spiritual and also its social influence on a million people. The thousands returned to their homes with strengthened faith in the great work, and deepened love for their leaders.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, December 15, 1884

"The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Christmas: Editorial—There is no holiday in all the year with so many endearing recollections, so many charming reminiscences, such tender associations, and altogether such wonderful fascination hanging over and around it, as Christmas. It is the day of days, with the children more especially when they expect all sorts of gifts and treasures. No wonder the children love the day, it is the time most prescient of good to them, and to all mankind. The birth time—the sweet and touching story of the Savior's birth never grows old, no matter how oft told. Christmas Eve! when the selfsame stars that guided the wise men of Bethlehem shine down upon us, and we feel such a holy presence, such a reverential awe, as though angels were hovering near, and with glad songs of rejoicing were echoing back from the ages past Hosannahs to God in the Highest; Peace on earth and good will to all mankind. How the human heart clings to those words divine with their answering aspirations. How they lift the soul into a higher region of thought and feeling. And the little ones partake the spirit of the day and interpret in their own simple but eloquent way every expression of sentiment and fancy that is uttered or felt by the older people. . . .

Sometimes fortune divides the family circle, and for a time some one is missed of the loved ones who helped to make the chain complete; but if only absent for a time "on pleasure or on business bent"—it is not right to murmur or wear a brow of sadness, for "to be parted in body is not to be estranged in soul—and many a dream—and many a vision may pass before the mind of one whose lips are silent."

There is one thing all should do at Christmas time, if they wish to emulate the Savior and do honor to "the babe in Bethlehem born," and that is, to remember the poor, and out of the substance God has given to each, donate liberally to those less fortunate—let none go cold or hungry on that day, lest their cries should enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth for a testimony against those who heed not the injunction: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

* * * *

A Reverie: If there is anything that is really comforting when I want to collect my thoughts, and peer far into the future, or call up a vision of the past, it is to sit in the dusk of evening, or when the rest of the household have retired, all alone in a dim shadowy room in front of a grate full of live, red coals—sit and dream, wide awake, O such delightful dreams! though tinged with sadness. Imagination, however, must be vivid and the moon must be decidedly reflective. The mind can wander away then even into green lanes, where one hears merry voices, and sees troops of boys and girls, and their laughter rings out so clearly that it makes me start, and although I sit here by the fire in bleak December, I feel the warmth of the sunlight and see the blue sky overhead, and I see many, many curious and familiar places and people; in fact I dream so long that I wonder whether I am my real self, or if the morning will find me going about my accustomed duties. What thoughts spring up and resolve themselves into such real substances, as to almost take on shapes of things, unseen, and yet to the mind tangible. We feel and know that the heart beats still, that we are sensible to feeling, therefore this must be only a dreamy phantasy, a reverie, but we can see things that are not, yet things that were. . . . Aunt Em.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. WILLIE CLAY KEYES of Salt Lake City has collected pennies amounting to more than $1100.00 for starving Chinese babies. She has received, from China, a hand-printed and colored "Award of Recognition" signed by Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL was born 101 years ago in December. A Civil War widow at twenty, she devoted her life to improving conditions in poorhouses, jails, reformatories, and public hospitals, especially those for women and children. Seeing men work fifteen hours a day for $6.00 per week turned her attention to emancipating labor.

THE vast youth movement in Russia is directed by 32-year-old Madame Olga Petronova, former teacher in the University of Moscow. Mother of one child, she has adopted seven others. She has a master's degree in both economics and science.

NOTEWORTHY books; Fiction: *A Haunted House and Other Stories,* by the late Virginia Woolf —sensitive, imaginative art; *The Leaning Tower and Other Stories,* Katherine Anne Porter, artist of deftness and finesse, highly literary; *Green Dolphin Street,* Elizabeth Goudge, the novel that won the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer $125,000 prize.

Non-fiction: *Speaking of Jane Austen,* Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern. Two brilliant English women novelists discuss their favorite English woman novelist; *Anna and the King of Siam,* Margaret Landon, fascinating story of a Victorian English governess who taught the King of Siam's sixty-seven children, especially the Prince who became the next king.

For young people: *Pigeon Heroes,* Marion Cothren; *No Room,* Rose Dobbs; *Pierre Keeps Watch,* Maria Gleit—the contribution of a fourteen-year-old shepherd boy to the French Underground; fictional biographies of musicians by Madeleine Goss: *Beethoven, Master Musician; Deep Flowing Brook* (Bach); *Unfinished Symphony* (Schubert); *Brahms the Master,* by Goss in collaboration with R. H. Schauffler, (especially readable).

For younger children: *The Flower Drum Book and Other Chinese Songs; Cherry Stones,* Eleanor Fargeon (poetry); *Then There Were Five,* a Melendy family story by Elizabeth Enright, excellent; *Young Men of the House,* Mabel Leigh Hunt (a nine-year-old boy's responsibilities when father goes to war).

MARY CRAIG McGEACHY, formerly of the British Embassy in Washington, is now chief of the welfare division of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 31 DECEMBER 1944 NO. 12

A Cry of Repentance

Lift up your voice and spare not. Call upon the nations to repent, both old and young, both bond and free, saying: Prepare yourselves for the great day of the Lord; . . . (Doc. and Cov. 43:20).

THE 115th semi-annual general conference, held last October, was termed by one of the Church leaders, "a cry of repentance." As such, the message of the conference, it was estimated, reached perhaps millions of listeners. What a contrast to that cry of repentance voiced by John the Baptist over 1900 years ago, previous to the beginning of Christ's ministry, when, in reply to the Jews who sent men to enquire who he was, he replied, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

That cry of repentance came from a lone man out of a wilderness, the present cry of repentance came in the strength of the Church, from chosen servants of the Lord in this day, and sounded in the ears of a multitude of people; and yet, the fundamental proof of the efficacy of its plea will be established by the same words as those uttered long ago by John, "Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance." Though the cry today is broadcast to millions in place of the hundreds of an earlier time, though the world has progressed phenomenally in the field of science so that a modern invention has enabled the cry to be heard by the world, no invention has been discovered by which to prepare the hearts of men for the message; and still, to prove oneself a follower of Christ, one's heart must accept the seeds of repentance and nurture them, so that he may bring forth fruits worthy of repentance.

Though the world may, as its past history has demonstrated, again turn a deaf ear to the pleading of Church leaders, the heart of every true Latter-day Saint will accept the gospel of repentance—the key of which was restored to the earth by that same John the Baptist when he conferred the Priesthood of Aaron on the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, in 1829.

In the midst of the widespread evil and sin rampant in the world today, as expressed at this last conference, Latter-day Saint parents will teach to their children the doctrine of repentance, and, as individuals, they will practice this doctrine. When the inspired leaders of this Church, noble, God-fearing, and righteous men, voice a cry of repentance, Church members heed the cry and, understanding the requisites of true repentance, prepare themselves for the great day of the Lord.

M.C.S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Collections by Visiting Teachers' Discontinued

THE September issue of the *Magazine* carried the recommendation of the General Board, which was approved by the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishopric, that visiting teachers should no longer collect contributions from ward members for either the charity or general funds of the Society, effective for the month of October 1944 and thereafter. Since that time some contributions have continued to come in through the visiting teachers because all members were not aware of the change in procedure. Both Relief Society officers and members are reminded that the revised visiting teachers' report book and ward Relief Society record book going into use in January 1945, will have no space for showing receipt of donations to the visiting teachers. It is expected that all members will have become acquainted with the new regulation by that time.

Inasmuch as bishops are now responsible for all expenses incident to assisting those in need, members who continue to offer donations to the Relief Society may be reminded that contributions for the charitable purposes of the Church should be made to the bishop in the form of fast offerings and donations of cash or labor in the interest of the Church Welfare Plan.

The September *Magazine* also indicates that free-will offerings might be made direct to the officers but this relates to special contributions —not to the donations ordinarily given to the visiting teachers.

For full explanation of the discontinuance of collections by visiting teachers, readers are referred to the *Magazine* for September 1944, page 511.

Additional Reference for January Fifth-Tuesday Meeting

IN preparing the program for the January fifth-Tuesday meeting (recommended in the *Magazine* for November, page 632), wards will find helpful, current information and excellent visual aids in the following publication: *The Alcohol Problem*, which may be ordered from the National Forum, Chicago, Ill., price 75 cents postpaid.

Forward, Without Fear

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

PATTY LOU TURNER had been left to take care of JOHANNA while the other girls and NIELS went to find work. Patty Lou could not understand why MATILDA LEWIS did so much for them when ANN KRISTIN had sent her husband to jail. Perhaps MATILDA did not fully understand herself. The girls needed a mother, and JOHANNA, who was very ill, needed a nurse, and so she gave help, for it was part of the new gospel she had adopted.

All they could do for Johanna did not seem to help. HELGA and Ann Kristin had sold practically all their lovely things to get help for her and to keep them all eating. Patty Lou didn't try to work; and Niels always fought. Helga often found washings or sewing to do that brought a little food into their camp. Ann Kristin who had a withered hand because of infection from a sliver, had tried unsuccessfully to find work. On her way home she met MATT LEWIS, and before they reached camp they were quarreling. Matt did not realize he was jealous over TOM BEDLOE. Patty Lou demanded to know where Kristin got so much food. Before she could answer, they saw two officers coming up the path. Matt warned the girls not to talk.

CHAPTER V

"WATCH your words," Matt cautioned the girls as he saw the two officers approaching.

The two men came into the clearing. Matt stood in their way defying them to come closer.

"Howdy," he said shortly, as they stopped before him.

"I'm Simmons," the first one said, showing his badge. "I've been here before. Remember?"

"I am not likely to forget," Matt answered. "Whom do you want this time?"

Jones, the deputy, seemed to think that a joke. He laughed uproariously. "We want that big Swede that lives here."

"Who said a Swede lived here?" Matt stalled. He hoped their voices would reach Niels and Jake.

"Come on, come on," Simmons demanded, "we know he lives here. Which one of these doghouses is his?" He started toward the lean-to, but Matt stopped him.

"Don't go inside. There is a sick woman there and she can't stand excitement. Tell me what you want of Niels and we will try to find him; but don't go in there."

Jones spat tobacco juice, just missing Matt's shoe. At the look that came into Matt's eyes, he turned quickly to the three frightened girls.

"He's saying that just to keep us out. You Mormons stick like mustard plasters to each other. We ought to run him in for obstructing the law."

"I wouldn't advise you to try it," Matt cautioned.

"Keep still, Jones." Simmons turned to Matt. "I am not here to stir up trouble, but I am going to have that Swede. If you will bring him out, I won't go in. He kicked up a ruckus at the wharf and did bodily injury—."

"Since when have you arrested men for fighting? You would have your jail full in one day."

Simmon's anger flared. "For a man in your position it would pay you to keep a civil tongue in your head. This Swede stole a sack of

food from one of the workmen. I have the warrant all right."

Helga stepped toward them. "Niels doesn't steal," she told them indignantly.

AT first sight of the officers, Ann Kristin had felt a suffocating weight settle over her. Since leaving Loftshammar they had known more suffering and privation than she had dreamed existed. Now it was here again. If they took Niels away now, it would kill Johanna. The men would not listen to reason. Nor, once arrested, would Niels stand any chance of a fair trial. Only something drastic would stop them. She went to stand before Simmons. Her bonnet fell back.

"Niels did not steal that food."

Jones whistled. "I have heard that the Mormons have collected all the good-looking women in the country, but I didn't believe it."

Matt snatched Kristin and thrust her behind him. Even Simmons was disgusted.

"Lay off that talk, Jones. I am sorry." He spoke to Ann Kristin, "Orders are orders."

"But he didn't steal the food." She set her chin defiantly and looked at Matt first, then back to Simmons. "He didn't steal the food because I did."

"Don't be ridiculous." Matt barked at her.

"But I did. So he will have to take me."

The officer scowled. "If you are trying to protect that Swede—."

"We were all hungry," she said simply. "I took it from—."

"From where?" Matt demanded. "Do you know?" He was still holding her arm. "You can tell she is lying."

"I am half inclined to believe she is, but I'll have to take her along until I find out."

"Then Niels may go free? He may stay here with Johanna?"

"No. I'll have to take him along, too."

"But," Ann Kristin cried, "You said—that is, I thought—."

Jake coming from behind the shack interrupted. He was breathing hard, and one hand caressed a rising welt on his chin.

"Don't you believe her, Officer." He scowled at Ann Kristin. "She's just trying to shield her no-account brother. The truth ain't in any of them."

"Why you—!" Patty Lou seized the basket of food and would have hurled it at his head, but Helga caught her arm. Jake looked at her. "Watch her," he advised.

"Who are you?" Simmons demanded.

"Now listen here," Jake's voice rose belligerently. "No one is calling me a Mormon, not even you. I'm not afraid of your badges. Go ahead and call me one. Go ahead and try it." He doubled his fists and started toward Jenkins.

"Don't get your shirt off. I didn't call you a Mormon. I reckon you're not. I never yet heard one deny it. We are after that Swede, Hansen. Did you see him?"

"Course I seen him. I'd a had him, too, if you-all hadn't been so loud-mouthed. He high-tailed it into the timber." He waved his hand vaguely. "He give me a nasty crack and got away."

"Who are you?" Simmons de-

manded again. "What are you doing here?"

Jake's eyes were insolent. "I'm a hunter," he answered shortly.

Jones eyed him suspiciously. "What kind of varmints do you hunt?"

"Maybe I hunt wolves. Maybe I don't. I wouldn't advise you-all to be too inquisitive. I can take care of myself."

"Come on," Simmons told his companion. "Let's get on his trail before he gets away."

"But what about the gal?" Jones still had his eyes on Kristin.

"She's lying. Come on. Coming?" He asked the last of Jake.

Jake shook his head. "I do my hunting alone."

The watchers held their breath, but Simmons was taking no chances. He went to the shelter and looked in. Jones peered over his shoulder. Helga forced her way ahead of them. Perhaps it was she, perhaps it was Johanna's white, frightened face that turned them back. They went crashing through the underbrush beyond. When the sound of their going had died, Matt turned and offered his hand to Jake. Before either of them could speak, Patty Lou cried out:

"Jake Nichols, you low-down, no-account, good-for-nothing. You can tote yourself away from here for good."

Matt smiled at her fury. "Thanks, Jake. That was quick thinking. Why do you always help us when you are not one of us?"

"What's that got to do with it? Folks is folks, and brother or no, the trick worked."

Patty Lou gazed open-mouthed. When the full import of their words came to her, she began to cry. Jake patted her comfortably.

"Now, now, Honey. Don't fret yourself. He is safe."

"I—I thought you-all was a—," a mild sob muffled her words.

They all smiled at her vehemence, and Ann Kristin asked, "Where did he go, Jake?"

"No place where they will find him. Come on, Patty. Dry your eyes. They're getting red and you-all will look like a hoot owl with red rings around your eyes."

Patty Lou straightened abruptly. "If you-all don't like the looks of me—."

"Where's your manners?" he chided. "I have been traveling all day without a bite."

Patty looked at him in amazement. " 'Cause you-all's hungry don't mean you can eat around here, but for once we got food enough for a meal." She turned to Ann Kristin. "Did you-all really steal that food, or did Mister Bedloe give you the money to buy it?"

"Don't be absurd." Matt spoke harshly. "You know very well she didn't do either." He became conscious of the fact that he was still holding Kristin's arm. He dropped it abruptly. "I'll be going along."

"No, no," Helga cried, "you must eat with us."

"Do," Jake urged, "too many women fuss me."

Helga watched over Johanna, explaining as gently as she could the meaning of what had happened; but she managed also to help with the preparations for the meal.

THEY sat around a rudely constructed table, and ate sparingly, but talked much. Matt told of con-

ditions in Nauvoo and his fears for the future. Jake urged him to get a job driving freight teams. Helga rose repeatedly to watch over Johanna and the baby. Patty Lou more than the others enjoyed her food. She was like a child with a bag of candy. In the midst of Jake's story of an Indian attack, she broke in with, "Kristie. Where did you-all get this food?"

The second time she asked it, Ann Kristin answered shortly, "I bought it in Montrose with money."

"Did Mister Bedloe give you the money?"

"No." Her eyes darkened with indignation.

"Where did you-all get it then? You-all didn't have any money when you left here this morning."

The issue could no longer be ignored. They all knew she'd had no money when she left that morning. She had said nothing about working. She thought, they all believe Tom gave it to me. They think I would take it from him. Angry tears blinded her. They could think that of her! She rose hurriedly to go inside, but as she turned Helga caught hold of her shrunken hand.

"Ann Kristin. Where is mother's ring?"

Kristin tried to put her hand behind her back, but Helga held it firm. There was a band of white around her finger where the massive ring had been. They were all watching. She tossed her head defiantly.

"It was mine. I could sell it if I wanted."

"Ann Kristin. Not sure-enough." Patty Lou was horrified. "It had been in your family over a hundred years."

"Oh, how could you?" Helga demanded. "How could you?"

Ann Kristin could no longer hold her tears, but she ignored them. Her eyes asked her sister's forgiveness.

"I was desperate. I could not get work."

"How much did you get?" Patty Lou pursued the subject relentlessly.

"How much?" Helga echoed.

"Five dollars. He—."

Matt half rose, then slowly sat down again: Jake swore,

"Why the dirty copperhead. It was worth, at the least, a hundred dollars in gold."

"Who got it, Ann Kristin?" Matt asked quietly. At the new note in his voice, she met his eyes.

"The gambler-trader, Wilkins, who was on the boat with us. He has a shop at Montrose. It was all right," she added quickly. "I asked him to buy it."

"I can't see through it." Jake was plainly puzzled. "Why should Niels be arrested for stealing food if none was stolen."

"There might have been. There is always a gang of boys playing around the wharf. One of them might have taken it. And Niels was in trouble anyway. The more things they can pin on us the better they like it. It is all part of their scheme to make us get out."

Patty Lou was still staring at Ann Kristin. "Why did you-all do it? You sold your ring and bought grits for me. Why?"

"You were hungry, too."

"I was mighty hungry for some back-home food. I have eaten so many greens and seeds my skin is turning green."

Ann Kristin sat back down. "It has been sold, so let's forget it." Her tone put a period on the conversation.

THEY ate in silence for a few moments, then Patty Lou spoke abruptly.

"I know who took your money out of your trunk."

"Patty!" Helga cried sharply. "How could you?"

"Remember your failing, Young-'un," Jake cautioned. "Don't start something you can't finish."

"Let her tell." Matt had been watching the girl's face. He had sensed the struggle going on in her mind, and suddenly he remembered many hints that had puzzled him.

"You bother me, Jake. I'll tell anyhow. Mister Tom Bedloe took your money."

For a moment they all stared in stunned unbelief. Then Helga asked: "How could he? He did not know we had the money."

"He did know about it. Kris told him herself."

Ann Kristin was cold with fury. "Why do you say such a thing, I have never told anyone?"

"You-all told him," the girl persisted. "You and Helga were talking and you-all said you must go back to your cabin, you didn't want to leave your money alone. You-all said some other things, too."

Slowly, memory came to Helga. "I remember that night. We had a long meeting and afterward we wanted to stay on deck and discuss the sermon we had heard. It was shortly after we left St. Louis."

"I heard, and I know he heard. I saw the expression on his face. He went directly to Wilkins and they talked a long time. They were talking about it, 'cause I heard words."

Ann Kristin felt the last shred of her confidence slipping, and she fought to hold it. Tom had involved her in the arrest of Elder Lewis; but he had explained that. She could not forgive him yet, but neither could she forgive Patty Lou for trying to incriminate him in anything so sinful.

"That is very poor grounds for such an accusation," she told Patty coldly.

"As much grounds as they had for accusing father," Matt reminded her.

She could have reminded him she had put off her marriage with Tom Bedloe because of that; but she did not.

"I know in my heart he did it," Patty reiterated soberly.

"Unfortunately, knowing and proving are two different stories," Matt said, "and in this case we would not have the prejudice of the law with us."

"You are being absurd," Kristin cried. "A man, even if he were that kind, would not steal from the girl he intended to marry. He would not unless he was past all honor. Besides, it was my money."

"Is that so?" Matt rose suddenly. "And *he* is my father. Maybe you are so innocent you don't know stealing that much money is grand larceny. Maybe you have forgotten he has been in that filthy jail for two months, waiting a trial that gets postponed because they know they haven't a real case against him. Maybe you don't know he isn't going to live through another month of it.

Tell us the rest, Patty Lou."

The girl had risen and gone to stand in front of Ann Kristin. Her black eyes were snapping. Jake had never been so proud of her.

"A man would not steal from his sweetheart unless he was past all honor you-all say. All right. I reckon you need more enlightening. On the way down the Ohio, Mister Thomas Bedloe made love to me, too. Only he didn't steal my money. I gave it to him."

"You what?" Matt and Helga barked the words at her. Ann Kristin stared coldly.

"He talked me out of it. I had just one hundred dollars by then. He said he would invest it and give me back two hundred."

"Has he given any back?" Matt demanded.

"No. He—," she looked around uncertainly, "I'd better not tell why."

"Talk, and talk fast."

"He gave it to your father."

"Is that a guessing game, too?" Kristin wanted to know.

"That is what Mister Bedloe told me. He said Elder Lewis needed it for the Jacobsen family. That's what he says, and he will pay it back if I will wait."

"But," Helga interrupted, "all the money given to the Jacobsens wasn't a hundred dollars, and we gave fifty. It was all we had beside the gold and securities in the box."

"I thought Elder Lewis had kept it, but now I know he was lying. I have known it a long time, but I wouldn't tell because Ann Kristin took him away from me."

During all this, Jake had said nothing. Now he stepped before the girl, his tall length towering above her. His voice was deceptively calm.

"And you-all have had no money?" Patty Lou turned her head, but he jerked her about to face him, "What have you-all been doing all this time? Where did you get your keep?" Even Patty Lou's insouciance withered under his terrible anger. "You-all stay right here. I am going after Mister Bedloe. I knew he was a snake all the time." Without a glance to the right or the left he strode off through the trees. Matt hurried after him.

Helga went inside the shelter. Facts were beginning to fall into a pattern. Kristin faced Patty Lou.

"Was the trader, Wilkins, on the boat coming down the Ohio?"

"Yes. Y-es." Patty Lou's eyes opened wide with understanding, "and he is the one who bought your ring."

"I can't believe it. I just can't believe—."

"Neither could I. He pretended to be such a good saint." Black eyes looked into blue ones with complete understanding. "It was you-all buying grits and pork that made me see."

Helga came quickly toward them. "Get Niels. Get Sister Lewis. Hurry."

Patty Lou ran, and fear gave wings to her feet. Ann Kristin followed Helga back to the bed. It was too late. Neither Sister Lewis, nor Niels, nor all the doctors in the world could help Johanna.

She had already slipped into peace and comfort. As they stared, the baby at the foot of the bed whimpered softly.

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

PARTIES AND SPECIAL PROGRAMS

Portneuf Stake (Idaho)

LERA C. MAUGHAN, stake Relief Society president, reports: "An outstanding event in our stake was an original pageant 'America, The Land of Promise' presented by our McCammon Ward on March 17, 1944. It was so beautiful and successful that it was presented again for the stake membership by request, and was well attended.

Inglewood Stake (California)

THE 1943 narrative report from Josephine Prestwich, Relief Society president of this stake, included the following: "The stake board held their closing party for all Relief Society members of this stake on June 1. A pot-luck luncheon was served, with each ward being assigned to bring certain foods. The stake board furnished the punch and cookies, and the clever decorations for the tables. The food was served from a long table. After each one filled her plate, she was seated at her birthday table where she had a chance to enjoy a visit with her sisters from other wards. During the afternoon, a clever skit was presented to stimulate membership in Relief Society and *Magazine* subscriptions.

"The ward Relief Societies have aided in the war chest emergency drive, and have taken their turn at officiating at the Victory Houses, selling war bonds and stamps."

South Ogden Stake (Utah)

BERNICE H. FLAMM, stake Relief Society secretary-treasurer, sent an account of the short dramatization "Opening the Gate Beautiful" which was prepared by Mary P. Lambert, and presented by officers and members of the Eighteenth Ward Relief Society at their anniversary social, March 17, 1944. This dramatization of the first Relief Society meeting, and the ancient costumes worn, formed an appropriate and effective part of their program. The Relief Society colors, blue and gold, were used in both their decorations and their refreshments, which included a three-tier, blue-and-gold birthday cake."

Oakland Stake (California)

RUTH S. HILTON, president of this stake Relief Society, reports: "Ten of our fourteen wards held anniversary parties during March. Some were in the form of handkerchief showers for the welfare program, one a miscellaneous shower for the same cause. However, all of the wards held very successful programs on Sunday evening, March 5. The four wards that did not hold

Participants in March 17 Dramatization, Eighteenth Ward Relief Society, South Ogden Stake, with blue and gold birthday cake surmounted by numerals indicating the 102nd anniversary. Mary P. Lambert, who prepared the dramatization, is seated at extreme left. Mable Howey is president of this Society.

regular parties considered this program their anniversary celebration. The stake board remembered the occasion in the wards by attending parties and programs, and giving each enrolled member a bookmark in the form of a blue cardboard folder, attractively printed, and bearing the 102nd anniversary greetings of the stake board.

"The ward programs of March 5 were all held in line with the instructions issued in the *Magazine*. Some of the wards worked in variations of the program. For instance, at Claremont Ward the theme was introduced by a short pageant. Four scenes passed between the half parted curtains while a reader gave the theme with beautiful amplifications or variations. The Berkeley Ward gave a pageant 'Charity Never Faileth' arranged by Helga Evans, ward Relief Society chorister. Sister Evans used bits of verse from the *Magazine*, quotations from the *Handbook*, and timely suggestions. However, the highlight of their meeting was the excellent work done by their Singing Mothers under Sister Evans' direction. Characters were beautifully costumed to represent the Spirit of Relief Society, Sewing Service, Welfare, Home Economics, Disaster and War Relief, Nurses, Education, also Emma Smith and Eliza R. Snow."

Rigby Stake (Idaho)

STELLA F. BROSSARD, secretary-treasurer of Rigby Stake Relief Society sent the following detailed account of the luncheon and program which was held in the Rigby First Ward on March 15: "The long T-shaped luncheon table, with a white cover and blue and gold decorations, was an attractive piece of art. In the center was a 'Wheel of Progress' and each yellow spoke, lettered in blue, represented some phase of Relief Society work. Blue vases of yellow jonquils and streamers of gold and blue ribbon completed the attractive table. The favors were miniature wheels in Relief Society colors with the spokes bearing names of the ward officers. Inside was an inspirational inscription. Fern Lake, then president of this

Cast of play, "The Dream of Queen Esther" which was presented by the Menan Ward Relief Society, Rigby Stake, in 1943, at the close of the first season's lessons in the current three-year course in Literature of the Bible. The play was later repeated for the entire stake. It was directed by Amy Fullmer Hawker, literature class leader. Emily Hart is president of this ward Relief Society.

ward Society, presided at the luncheon and program, and June Tolley acted as master of ceremonies. The luncheon was supervised by Grace Fisher and Arberella Adams. The guests of honor were seven pioneer women, the oldest being Martha Ballantyne, 87 years of age. Stake board members were also guests. Each honored guest and executive officer was presented with a corsage. A feature of the interesting program was a character song in costume by Sally Agnes Cordon, now 85 years of age, who, when this ward Relief Society was organized, in 1886, served as its first president. She is still active in Relief Society work and also does Red Cross work."

Union Stake (Oregon)

MILDRED KOFFORD, president of the Union Ward Relief Society of this stake, reports that the annual day program was attended by 45 members.

"The program began with the reading of the message from the First Presidency of the Church which appears in *A Centenary of Relief Society*, followed by a part of the message to Relief Society members from the General Board of Relief Society. After a candle-lighting ceremony by ward officers, short biographical sketches were given of the four past presidents of this ward Relief Society still living in the ward. These past presidents and members who had been absent on account of illness were the guests of honor, and were presented with boutonnieres tied with ribbon in the Relief Society colors, blue and gold."

South Los Angeles Stake (Calif.)

"IN commemoration of the 102nd birthday of the Relief Society on March 17th, the South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society presented its Singing Mothers in the sacred cantata 'Resurrection Morning' by B. Cecil Gates.

"Immediately preceding the cantata, the Alhambra Ward String Trio entertained with a special concert of lovely and inspirational numbers.

"A capacity crowd of twelve hundred was in attendance, and gave evidence of being sincerely pleased with the efforts made to increase music appreciation in the stake.

"The Singing Mothers were ef-

Members attending the annual day program of the Union Ward Relief Society, Union Stake. Seated in front, from left to right, are Evelyn Anderson, secretary; Wilmerth Ward, counselor; and Mildred Kofford, president.

fectively supported by the combined artistry of Lucille Peal at the piano and Marie Chatwin at the organ, but the major share of the credit for the standard achieved, for the sensitive and sympathetic interpretation, must go to the conductor, Mabel H. Rice. She maintained the dignity and beauty of the resurrection theme throughout the entire rendition of the cantata.

"The pageantry, created and directed by Lillian Collings, was rich and colorful, and under her inspirational guidance became a close-knit and integral part of the music, blending with and augmenting every mood.

"Working with Sister Collings was Audrey Redding, dance director, who approached perfection in her lovely creative dance 'The Return of Spring.'

"During the interval suggested by the composer, LaVerd Lillywhite read the composition of Erma

Singing Mothers, supporting cast, and officers of the South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society who presented Gates' cantata "Resurrection Morning" in commemoration of the 102nd anniversary of Relief Society, March 17, 1944.

Stake Relief Society presidents of the Salt Lake Region who were entertained April 15, 1944, at a luncheon in the General Board Room in the Bishop's Building by the chairman of this group and her two assistants, Ella P. Bennion, Alice B. Steinicke, and Lucy G. Godfrey. The Region was divided March 25, 1944, into the Salt Lake and Jordan Valley Regions, and the committee held this final get-together for all present and former stake Relief Society presidents with whom they had been associated during the year since their appointment as leaders of the group. The table was tastefully decorated with spring daffodils and each guest received a daffodil corsage tied with blue ribbon. After the luncheon an interesting and inspirational half-hour was spent in listening to the presidents recount their reactions when called to serve in this capacity. Special guests were General President Amy Brown Lyman and General Secretary-Treasurer Vera W. Pohlman, who also spoke.

Those present from left to right, were: Seated—Ella P. Bennion, president of Oquirrh Stake Relief Society and chairman of the group, who now serves as chairman of Relief Society presidents of the new Jordan Valley Region; Amy Brown Lyman, Vera W. Pohlman, Alice B. Steinicke, president of Ensign Stake Relief Society, who now serves as chairman of Relief Society presidents of the present Salt Lake Region; Maud F. Hanks, president of Salt Lake Stake; Emma R. Hanks, president of Tooele Stake; Carrie Wrathall, president of Grantsville Stake; Emma G. Clayton, former president of Bonneville Stake; Diana R. Lambert, president of Liberty Stake; Emma G. Phillips, former president of Liberty Stake; Standing—Ella R. Croxford, president of Cottonwood Stake; Zora C. Paulson, former president of Highland Stake; Violet W. Duncan, president of Sugar House Stake; Cassandra D. Bailey, president of Grant Stake; Amy B. Towler, recently released president of Wells Stake; Lucile B. Madsen, president of Big Cottonwood Stake; Lucy B. Godfrey, president of East Jordan Stake; Minnie Ballard, president of Mt. Jordan Stake; Vera Allen, president of Pioneer Stake; Lucena R. Card, former president of Ensign Stake; Winnie O. Lavin, recently released president of South Salt Lake Stake; Lillie Adams, president of Emigration Stake; Leona G. Holbrook, president of Bonneville Stake; Vauna S. Jacobsen, president of Granite Stake; Elizabeth H. Hogan, president South Davis Stake; Agnes M. Bolto, former president of Granite Stake now member of General Board; Effie Webster, president of North Davis Stake. Unable to attend were: Reka H. Cummings, president of Highland Stake; Blanch Stoddard, president of Park Stake; Sarah N. Twitchell, president of Riverside Stake; Evelyn Neilsen, president of West Jordan Stake.

Petereit, combining the theme of spring and the resurrection with the testimony of Nephi to his brethren on the resurrection.

"Mention must be made, too, of the dramatic effects achieved by James Eddards and Leo Richards in their lighting and stage setting, and of the beautiful costumes created by Sister June Hibbert."

Ben Lomond Stake (Utah)

ORA MACFARLANE, president of this stake Relief Society, sent the following account which was submitted by the Pleasant View Ward Relief Society officers, Mildred R. Cragun, president; Grace M. Williams and Amelia Dickamore, counselors; and Helen B. Perry, secretary:

"The Pleasant View Ward Relief Society entertained at a delightful mothers - and - daughters evening, Tuesday, June 12, 1944. Each mother came accompanied by her lovely daughters. The sisters who were less fortunate borrowed a daughter,

Relief Society Anniversary Dinner, March 17, 1944, Washington Terrace Branch, Weber Stake. About 200 people were served. This new Relief Society, which had been organized just six months on that date, is officered by Maud Buttars, president; Edna Fuhriman and Alley Taylor, counselors; Alois Glenn, secretary-treasurer.

making it possible for every member and every daughter within our ward to enjoy this party with us.

"A program, featuring instrumental and vocal numbers and readings, followed by game mixers, and prizes, made for an evening where mothers and daughters mingled together as one happy group.

"The hall was decorated with pink and white peonies. An attractive supper in pink and white was served at small tables, mothers being seated with their daughters.

"Small vases of pink rosebuds and tiny white shasta daisies, symbolizing the beauty and purity of our Mormon girls, formed the centerpiece for each of the twenty-four tables, which completely filled our hall.

"Sisters Myrtle Barker, Emma Unander and Susanah Johns of the stake board were our special guests.

"Each year our mothers-and daughters party is looked forward to with great anticipation. It is a joy to entertain our daughters, for the daughters of today will be the Relief Society members of tomorrow."

This party was attended by 100 mothers and daughters from the 86 families in the ward.

Big Horn Stake (Wyoming)

HULDA M. LYNN, president of Big Horn Stake Relief Society, wrote as follows of the summer musicale presented August 29, 1943, which was enthusiastically received by a packed house:

"The participants and all stake board members were in formal dress, the stage was banked with gladioli and roses, and a large American flag, made entirely of electric light bulbs, hung high in the background.

"Some 75 Singing Mothers, from various wards in the stake, participated. The combined ward choruses were directed by Carma Johnson and accompanied by Gwen Kocherhaus and Veoma Stahle. Singing Mothers' groups from several of the wards also presented separate numbers. Following the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, a silent tribute was paid to the boys in service, and their mothers and wives.

"This was a very lovely and worthwhile project, and we hope to make it an annual affair."

Pocatello Stake (Idaho)

THE following report was submitted by Roxie Thompson, counselor in the Pocatello Fourth Ward

Relief Society Singing Mothers of Midvale First Ward, East Jordan Stake
Organized in 1936, this chorus now has 25 members, and from its beginning has been directed by Connie T. Matthews, chorister, assisted by Vera Brown, organist. This chorus meets weekly for practice, socially every two months, and furnishes musical numbers twice monthly for sacrament meetings.

Relief Society: "On April 9, 1944, the very beautiful and impressive cantata 'Resurrection Morning' by B. Cecil Gates, was presented by the Pocatello Fourth Ward Relief Society chorus. This presentation was sponsored by our Relief Society officers, Elizabeth Dunn, Minnie Warren, Roxie Thompson, and Emma Puckett. It was directed by Lucille Denkers, chorister of the group, assisted by Arvilla Croshaw, organist.

"Two violinists, Arnold Lintleman and David Thomas, contributed a great deal by their lovely playing, and the readers, Lydia Egbert and Mildren Sorensen, also added charm and grace to the occasion.

"The beautiful lighting effects were carried out under the supervision of Sidney Heath and William Denkers.

"A large audience, 381 in all, attended the cantata."

Relief Society Singing Mothers, Fourth Ward. Pocatello Stake. From left to right, front row: Margaret Dalton, soloist; Arvilla Croshaw, organist; Emma Puckett, secretary; Minnie Warren, counselor; Elizabeth Dunn, president; Roxie Thompson, counselor; Lucille Denkers, chorister; and Amy Hansen, chorus member. Chorus members in the second row are: Doris Jensen, Louise Ashton, Lois Hall, Zina Harper, Isabell Curl, Nellie Judy, Stella Waters, Esther Johnson. Third row: Beatrice Call, Myrtle Taggart, Wilmetta Rufenacht, Mary Packer, Zula Richardson, Vida Howell, Lula Rupp.

Home Lighting

Claire P. Dorius

Good lighting should prevent or reduce defective vision and unnecessary waste of human resources.—W. E. Barrows, *Light, Photometry and Illuminating Engineering.*

MERE lighting of the home is not enough. Comfortable vision is what counts. Vision is a three-way operation. It takes an eye, an object, and light. When the light illuminates the object, that is good; when the light shines in the eye, that is not desirable. Light in the eye is glare; light on the object you're looking at is illumination. The eye sees an object by means of the light which it reflects.

Good lighting requires freedom from glare, the elimination of shadows, and the avoidance of a sharp contrast between lighted objects and their background.

The darker the paint or paper in your rooms the more light you need for good vision. Light walls and woodwork are highly recommended.

Except in very gloomy weather, the home depends upon light from outside during the day. How adequate this light is would seem to be determined by the number of windows. Glass, however, may absorb or reflect as much as thirty-five per cent of the light that falls upon it. The thickness of the glass does not seem to have much effect, but the smoothness does. Fifteen to twenty per cent of the total light may be absorbed by dirt on the glass, and in very smoky localities this may amount to as high as twenty-five to fifty per cent.

Glass, in spite of the fact that it reduces the available light, plays an important part in diffusing the light, and so gives more illumination at the farther side of the room than would be obtained if no glass were there.

Shades and draperies also greatly influence the amount of daylight which is available in a room. Randall and Martin found that drawing the roller shade so the upper half of the window is covered cuts sixty per cent of the daylight, but only fourteen per cent is lost when the shade is restricted to the upper fifth. A fly screen covering the whole window reduces the available daylight fifty per cent, but not more than fifteen per cent when the screen is only over the lower half. Painting the screen to prevent rusting diminishes the light further. Bronze or copper screens which do not require painting are preferable.

Windows are regarded as one of the most satisfactory means of decorating a room. The use of curtains and draperies, however, may cut off as much as seventy-five per cent of the light. Removing the valance may double the available daylight at the farther side of the room. Heavy draperies and curtains increase the shadow and tend to produce a spotty condition which may result in glare, while a clean window and very thin curtain materials diffuse the light and soften the shad-

ows. In using draperies, one should consider the fact that a window area equivalent to one-fourth of the floor area is desirable. Recent use of glass bricks for wall construction has improved daytime lighting in the home.

An adequate wiring system in the home should provide comfortable lighting conveniently controlled, with a sufficient number of well-placed outlets to allow for satisfactory connections of portable fixtures and appliances. The type and quality of the wiring installations should be regulated by the Electrical Code of National Board of Fire Underwriters.

A central light in the kitchen in an opal globe, hung close to the ceiling, illuminates all parts of the room equally. In addition, extra light should be provided above the sink and working surfaces, so one will not have to stand in her own shadow. A well-lighted kitchen increases interest in the task and lessens fatigue.

In the bedroom, a central light for general illumination, floor lamp for a special location, and boudoir lamps on either side of the dresser meet the useful needs. Boudoir lamps should be about fifteen inches tall in order to throw the light on the face rather than on the mirror. Light for reading in bed is certainly a comfort and a convenience. It should be high enough to give a wide circle of light on the book or magazine. A night light which uses a 7-watt bulb, may be plugged into an outlet near the floor in bedrooms or in halls, to cut down the danger of broken toes or cracked shins. Lights in the bathroom should be placed above or on either side of the mirror to illuminate both sides of the face equally.

Eyesight conservation is extremely valuable. Sight is the only one of the senses which is dependent upon an outside agency for its functioning. Twenty per cent of elementary school children have faulty eyesight. When the children have grown to college age the percentage has doubled, and forty per cent do not see normally. Our home lighting system should provide sufficient light conveniently located to supply all needs without eye strain. This is about two watts of light per square foot of floor area. "Light is cheaper than vision."

All lights should be properly shaded—shades deep enough to conceal the lamp, broad enough to give a wide circle of light, white-lined to reflect light well. Shades have a fourfold function. They protect the eyes, direct the light, soften shadows, and serve to decorate.

Lamps and fixtures should be kept clean. Dust accumulating over months will absorb as much as fifty per cent of the light otherwise available. The deposit of dust is so gradual that a person may not be conscious of the dimming until it becomes very bad. Water is cheaper than watts.

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Theology

Church History

Lesson 6—The Missouri Period

Dr. H. Wayne Driggs

Objective: To study the main events in Missouri that led up to and followed the location of the City of Zion and the central gathering place of the saints.

For Tuesday, March 6, 1945

PARALLEL with the rise of the Church in Kirtland was the development of its progress in Missouri. The far reaching command to go "to the borders by the Lamanites" (Doc. and Cov. 28:9), had sent, within the first year of the Church's organization, four of its leading elders—Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer Jr., Parley P. Pratt, and Ziba Peterson—hundreds of miles away from their eastern homes. The dawn of the new year 1831 found these men marooned near St. Louis owing to the deep drifts of snow; but when the storm abated they pushed their way afoot three hundred miles across the prairies, subsisting on frozen corn, bread, and raw pork. Upon reaching Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, they set about actively to preach the gospel to thousands of their own race, and to the Indians whose main village lay just beyond the borders of the State.

So successful were their labors that by February of this year (1831), it was decided that Elder Parley P. Pratt should return to Kirtland and report the progress of their work to the Prophet Joseph. Alone, this faithful servant of the Lord pressed his perilous journey back over the stretches of the wilderness, arriving in Ohio with the cold winds of March.

A joyful reunion followed. The Prophet, having newly arrived from the East, talked prophetically about the gathering of Israel which was then starting. Kirtland, he said, would be a resting place where the persecuted members from the East might gain needed strength in company with their brethren in Ohio. But the great hope and promise for the children of the Lord lay at

Zion which was to be in the land "on the borders by the Lamanites." Here was to be raised a new city even the exact site of which was to be revealed. Zion there was to rise "fair as the sun," and there was to be "a New Jerusalem, a land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the saints of the Most High God" (Doc. and Cov. 45:64-66). This was to be the land of their inheritance.

In the bright month of June, 1831, between the third and sixth of the month, the fourth general conference of the Church was held at Kirtland. Some two thousand souls, by this time, had embraced the faith. The "little flock" of but the year before took on the appearance of a flourishing tribe of Israel. From such a joyous band were called the elders who, two by two, were instructed to go forth over the country declaring the message of good tidings from God (Doc. and Cov. sec. 52). Thus elders journeyed toward the Missouri frontier, organizing branches of the Church as they traveled. Following the march of the missionaries came the Prophet Joseph and his party. They traveled by "wagon, stage, canal-boat, steamer and on foot, reaching Independence, Missouri, about the middle of July." (E. H. ANDERSON's, *Brief History of the Church*, page 48). Here the joy of meeting with Oliver Cowdery brought tears to the eyes of the Prophet.

Not long after Joseph's arrival, the Lord made known to him the central gathering place of the saints and the location of the "City of Zion" (Doc. and Cov. sec. 57). Independence was the chosen site, and the spot for the temple was designated as "lying westward, upon a lot which is not far from the courthouse." According to the revelation, lands were to be purchased by the saints, and the soil in the region was to be dedicated for the gathering of Israel, and for the building of the New Jerusalem. Sidney Gilbert was appointed a merchant and an agent for land purchases, while Edward Partridge, assisted by two counselors, was chosen to "divide the saints their inheritance," to be a judge in Israel, to receive the consecration of properties, to assign stewardship, and to receive the saints then on the way from Ohio.

On the first of August, Sidney Rigdon was called by revelation to consecrate and dedicate to the Lord the land of Zion, to write a description thereof, and to prepare "an epistle and subscription to obtain money for purchasing lands for an inheritance" (Doc. and Cov. sec. 58).

"The first step toward founding Zion was taken on the 2nd day of August, 1831. On that day Joseph, assisted by eleven other men, the whole representing the Twelve Tribes of Israel, helped to lay a log for a house in Kaw Township, twelve miles west of Independence, which locality the newly arrived saints from Colesville were settling. Elder Rigdon then dedicated the land. The following day, the 3rd, witnessed the consecration of the temple site, after which, on the 4th, the fifth conference of the church (the first in Zion) was held at the house of Joshua Lewis, in Kaw Township, most of the saints being present. Revelations were given re-

peating some of the ten commandments, also concerning the Sabbath, and the return of certain elders to Kirtland, among whom were Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and Sidney Rigdon." (E. H. ANDERSON'S, *A Brief History of the Church*, pages 48-49)

The winter of 1831-'32 the Prophet spent in Kirtland, writing, receiving revelations, and working out for publication "The Lord's Preface to the Book of Commandments." Sidney Rigdon was closely associated with him in the literary ventures of this time. Persecutions grew so bitter by March that Joseph thought it wisdom to leave for Missouri again. In April he departed, Sidney Rigdon and Bishop Newel Whitney later joining him on the journey which was made in a roundabout way to avoid the fury of a mob. It was to his sorrow that the Prophet learned, upon arrival at Independence, that the enemies of his people there had started cruel treatment of the saints. This was the beginning cloud of the storm that was to break over those assembled in the land of Missouri. Joseph remained with the Missouri saints until June, realizing all the while that signs pointed toward more trouble for his people even in the land which was promised as an inheritance. With the coming of summer he had again returned to Kirtland, there to be lost in the task of receiving other great revelations from the Lord so important for the upbuilding of God's kingdom; and to direct the plan and work of constructing a temple.

Prosperity soon smiled upon the saints in Kirtland. Property amounting to over $11,000 was purchased. Mills, workshops, and public buildings rose amid humming industries. Another year passed, and then, in September of 1833, came Oliver Cowdery with sad news of the persecutions of some twelve hundred saints in Missouri. These law-abiding and peaceful citizens had incurred the hate and jealousy of their poorly organized neighbors, who looked upon the Mormons with their professed power of godliness as instigators of race riots among negro slaves and Indians; and who demanded, by heavenly decree, the very land of the Indians. Mobs arose, of five hundred or more men in number, to march upon these "insolent people." Bishop Partridge was tarred and feathered, and other saints threatened and abused. Governor Lilburn W. Boggs sided in with the rioters, robbing the saints of their liberties. Then came the word that all Mormons were to leave the State, half by January 1, 1834, and the remainder by April first of the same year.

" 'The Mormons must go,' was the general cry. The Saints appealed to the State executive for military aid, in vain. That functionary advised them to try the law. Following his advice brought only disaster. It was like applying fire to powder. Soon the whole country arose in arms to make war upon the unfortunate, peculiar people. It was on the thirtieth and thirty-first of October, and the first of November that the most furious attacks were made. Men were beaten, houses unroofed, property destroyed, women and children driven screaming into the wilderness . . . . 'Armed bands of ruffians ranged the country in every direc-

tion, bursting into houses, terrifying women and children and threatening the defenseless people with death if they did not instantly flee. Out upon the bleak prairies, along the Missouri's banks, chilled by November's winds and drenched by pouring rains, hungry and shelterless, weeping and heart-broken, wandered forth the exiles. Families scattered and divided, husbands seeking wives, wives husbands, parents searching for children, not knowing if they were yet alive.' Thus were between twelve and fifteen hundred souls expelled from their homes and possessions in Jackson County, three hundred of their homes were burned, ten settlements left desolate. Most of the exiles found refuge in Clay County, just across the river, where they were kindly received." (E. H. Anderson, *A Brief History of the Church*, pages 55-57.)

Word of these outrages, brought to the Prophet in the spring of 1834, caused him to organize and lead what was known as "Zion's Camp" (Doc. and Cov. 101, 103). The men who marched forth May 5th—one hundred in number—were joined by two hundred and five recruits along the way. There were young and middle-aged men in the company. Excitement struck the hearts of the enemies of the Church and the Missourians armed for the attack. It was soon learned, however, through conferences with the Prophet, that his intentions were peaceable. He asked naught but a just settlement of the differences between the citizens of Missouri and his followers. On June 25th at Rush Creek the Prophet disbanded the camp. Nothing seemed accomplished by this first marshalled force of modern Israel to assert their rights at the hands of their enemies. Leadership and loyalty for the Prophet and the cause were developed, however, among many of the men who later became pillars of strength in the Church.

The Missouri period in the Church history is one of a rising and a setting sun. In the joy of seeking the earthly possessions which God had promised, the saints forgot his warning counsels and the conditions under which he had said the "City of Zion" could be brought about. God, therefore, tried his people and sanctified the land with their blood. They were tried in the furnace to be made bright and strong for the more rigorous days ahead.

From Jackson County to Clay, and from Clay to Caldwell and Daviess Counties, they were driven, their property confiscated and their homes possessed or burned. The battle of Crooked River, and the massacre at Haun's Mill fell upon them amid the crimson leaves of that October in 1838. Troops joined hands with the mobs in making the rout from Missouri complete, while at the point of a bayonet the saints signed away their property. Crooked officials and false friends led them pitilessly into the armed forces of their enemies. Joseph Smith, who by this time had come to Far West, was taken prisoner, and with him went several of his close associates. Later, the Prophet and his friends were committed to jail to await trial. They remained there during the winter of

1838-'39. Yet from his dungeon cell he wrote, "Zion shall yet live though she seemeth to be dead." Then in April of 1839, he and his brother Hyrum made their escape, with "the tacit permission of their drunken guards," to again join their families in the State of Illinois where Brigham Young and the Twelve had taken the saints.

When the count was made of those who had survived the Missouri storm, such prominent men as Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Luke and Lyman Johnson were not to be found among the faithful, they having been dropped as disaffected members at the conference held at Far West. But phoenix-like was the Church to rise again on the very edge of the ashes heaped high by the Missouri fires, and in a city called "Nauvoo the Beautiful."

Suggestions for Active Reading and Discussion

With the help of the suggested readings given below have the class carry on the discussion as follows: first, answer the question; second, read the assigned part in the Doctrine and Covenants to discover wherein we must "give heed unto his word" which has been written especially for our life in this day.

1. The bringing about of the Lord's kingdom in our day has been termed "a marvelous work and a wonder." How unlike other great building activities of men has been the Mormon way of developing towns and erecting places of worship? Read section 57 of the Doctrine and Covenants which names specifically the city and "spot for the temple." Follow this with a reading of section 58 and let the class "give ear and learn" the will of the Lord. Note particularly verses 21-22, 27-28. These may prompt discussion. Find other verses that strengthen one's faith.

2. In photography the blackest negatives always produce the brightest positive or picture. How can this principle be applied to the suffering of the Prophet and the saints? How, to anyone, personally? Read section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants, a most beautiful expression of God's love for the Prophet who was suffering in jail. Note one of the truly distinctive statements of our Mormon philosophy of leadership patterned after that of the Master, in verses 34-46.

Read sections 101 and 103 of the Doctrine and Covenants for a further understanding of the reasons for the persecution in Missouri. Let these sections form a part of the class discussion drawing a present-day application therefrom. Sections 122, 123 give words of comfort to the suffering saints and were written while the Prophet still remained in Liberty Jail.

The rung of a ladder was never meant to rest upon, but only to hold a man's foot long enough to enable him to put the other somewhat higher.

—Thomas Henry Huxley

Visiting Teachers' Messages

Sources of Strength—The Beatitudes

Lesson 6—Blessed Are the Pure in Heart

Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

For Tuesday, March 6, 1945

Objective: To show that the pure in heart are those who walk uprightly and work righteousness, and their rewards are realized both in this life and in the life to come.

"BLESSED are the pure in heart: for they shall see God" (Matt. 5:8). This great promise made by the Savior is confirmed, and the conditions upon which its fulfillment rests are more fully explained in the Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 93:1: "Verily, thus saith the Lord: It shall come to pass that every soul who forsaketh his sins and cometh unto me, and calleth on my name, and obeyeth my voice, and keepeth my commandments, shall see my face and know that I am."

Jesus tells us that purity of heart leads to a knowledge of God. A perfect knowledge of God is to be attained only by a consecrated life. We read in Psalm 15:1-3: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour." And again, Psalm 24:3-4: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." Again in Psalm 73:11: "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart."

President Brigham Young tells us that the prayer of the pure in heart will have more effect than the eloquence of Cicero—the simple, honest heart is of more avail with the Lord than all of the pomp, pride, splendor, and eloquence produced by men. The heart is the source of action, the seat of the moral life. Purity of heart means more than physical cleanliness; it means, in addition, uprightness and goodness of soul. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is," and, "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

The blessings promised in this Beatitude are finally to be realized beyond the grave, but observance in this life brings a rich reward.

Literature

New Testament

Lesson 6—The Acts of the Apostles

Dr. Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, March 20, 1945

LIKE The Gospel According to St. Luke, The Acts of the Apostles, generally ascribed to the same authorship, is primarily historical literature. In this record — addressed, as was the preceding book, to a Roman leader, Theophilus—we are given a stirring account of events following the death and resurrection of the Savior. In Acts, the heroic carrying forward of the work of the Master, the spreading of the gospel not only to the Jews but to other peoples, is vividly portrayed.

One basic difference in structure marks the Gospel of St. Luke from its sequel. In the former, gospel teachings of the Savior are inwoven with the historical text; in Acts, gospel discourses given by the apostles, particularly Paul, are, in the main, to be found in the Epistles. A study of these Epistles from the literary viewpoint is reserved for the next lesson.

In essence, The Acts of the Apostles is an evangelical epic. It is made up of a series of stories linked together in natural sequence, portraying the rise of the early Christian Church under heroic missionary leaders. Stunned at first with the tragic passing of Jesus, his faithful disciples remained bewildered until, lifted by his resurrection, they saw more clearly the divine meaning of it all. Then came from their risen Lord this sacred calling and commission:

> But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and *ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth"* (Acts 1:8).

After this, when Jesus had been "taken up and a cloud received him out of their sight" (Acts 1:9), the disciples, with his mother Mary and other women, communed together in prayer and supplication. Matthias was chosen to fill the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles left vacant when Judas betrayed the Savior.

> And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.
>
> And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.
>
> And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance (Acts 2:1-4).

People roundabout, hearing the strange commotion, gathered. In the multitude were devout men, Jews out of many nations. And they

were amazed—confounded at hearing these inspired Galileans speak in a language each could understand in his own tongue, of "the wonderful works of God."

Some of the listeners mocking said, "These men are full of new wine" (Acts 2:13).

But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said . . . . For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, . . . But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy: . . . .

And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts 2:14-18; 21).

In words of inspiration Peter goes on to bear his burning testimony, and to say:

Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.

Now, when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?

Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. . . .

Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls (Acts 2:36-38; 41).

Here is stirring drama to divine purpose: the portrayal of an event that has helped to shape the spiritual destiny of the world.

Observe how the story moves, how it rises in climax, how it is kept centered around Peter, the principal character, who, with fiery zeal, rises to leadership in carrying forward the work of the Savior. Note also the simplicity, the directness with which the author helps the story to tell itself. Mark, too, the artistry in the choice of words with which inspired translators have kept the story alive, picturesque, and convincing. "With one accord," "rushing mighty wind," "pricked in their heart," are illustrative expressions (See Acts 2).

Naturally this successful launching of the great missionary work was a challenge to the enemies of Christianity. As the band of brethren and sisters grew in numbers, and carried forward, "with gladness and singleness of heart," the opposition waxed fiercer. Persecution, however, was only a spur to the devout workers in their labor of love. Onward they pressed in the spirit of Christ, ministering to the poor and the sick, even performing miracles in his name. Threatenings and imprisonment did not daunt the apostles and their humble followers. Martyrdom only strengthened their determination and faith.

Another of the well-known stories, from Acts, that of Stephen the Martyr, portrays the persecution of the disciples of Christ at its height. It reveals also the devotion of these early Christians as they braved the fury of the Pharisees and other enemies of the followers of Jesus. Haled before the high priest on false charges of blasphemy, Stephen more than answers his accusers, and boldly charges them with always resisting the Holy Ghost as their fathers had ever done.

"Which of the prophets," Stephen asked, "have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers." He continued: "Who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it" (Acts 7:52-53).

Angered at these words of truth, his accusers "gnashed on him with their teeth." But Stephen, "being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, . . . And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

Whereupon, in fury, they "cast him out of the city, and stoned him. . . . and he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep" (Acts 7:55 ff).

Thus, praying for those that had persecuted and despitefully used him, the first martyr of the missionary era passed to his reward. Yet, the truth he proclaimed did not die; indeed it was nourished by his blood and quickened by his Christlike spirit. And one of those who participated in the cruel killing—Saul of Tarsus—through a dramatic turn of fate, was soon to become one of the most fervent witnesses of all for Christ, the Redeemer of Mankind.

How this dramatic conversion was effected is portrayed with fine restraint and artistry in chapter nine of Acts.

And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, And desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem.

And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.

And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man.

And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus.

In that city, the sight of stricken Saul was finally restored. More than this, his spiritual eyes were opened to the glories of the gospel. Further, to Ananias, who was called on by the Lord to minister unto Saul, the Master said, "he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

Thus Saul of Tarsus, who later became Paul the Apostle, was brought humbly into the fold of Christ. In succeeding chapters of Acts, the rest of the life story of this great evangelist is told. In his Epistles (to be studied later) is preserved some of his masterful interpretations of the gospel. He was privileged to bear the Master's name "before the Gentiles and kings"; for he carried it even to Athens, seat of ancient culture, and to Imperial Rome.

*Discussion and Activities**

1. Why may the Acts of the Apostles be called *living history?*

2. Why also may it be described as an *evangelical* (or *missionary*) *epic?*

3. What literary qualities do you find in each of the stories reviewed in this lesson: "The Day of Pentecost"; "The Stoning of Stephen"; "The Conversion of Paul"?

4. Be prepared to tell briefly any of these other stories: (a) "Peter Heals the Lame Man" (Acts 3:1-11); "Peter and Cornelius" (Acts 10); "Paul and Silas Are Set Free" (Acts 16:19-40); "Paul before King Agrippa" (Acts 26)—or take another story of your own choosing from the Book.

5. (a) Why did Jewish leaders oppose violently the spread of Christianity? (b) Why did some of the Greek workmen attack the missionaries? (See Acts 19:23-41); (c) What type of folk, in general, did welcome them and the message they brought?

*For an excellent summary of the contents of the Acts of the Apostles see Moulton, *Modern Reader's Bible*, pp. 1674-1677.

Social Science

Modern Applications of Ethical Principles

Lesson 5—Truth and Its Perversions

Dr. Harold T. Christensen

For Tuesday, March 27, 1945

Lesson link. The world today is in need of a great moral reawakening. Happiness is the main goal of life and the standard against which morality is measured. One of the principles of happiness, and hence righteousness, is personal progression. Progress is made possible through the creative and responsible use of free agency. Many people abuse this moral law of the universe by seeking to dodge and evade consequences, which they cannot do. All of this we have studied in the earlier lessons.

Lesson aim. To examine truth as the framework of ethics, and to study some of the ways in which it becomes perverted.

JUST as happiness is the criterion of morality, progression the major process, and freedom the condition or means by which it is brought about, so truth is its framework or structure.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32). This basic scripture conveys the very essence of ethics, for it is the freedom from evil gained through a knowledge of truth that brings progression, happiness, and the good life. Truth, then, is the "stuff" out of which morals are built.

The Meaning of Truth

Probably the most simple definition of truth is that it consists of things as they are, past, present, and future (Doc. and Cov. sec. 93:24). The universe is full of objects, processes, and relationships that exist

separate and apart from the mind of man. All of these together make up total reality, or total truth as we have chosen to call it.

When truth is utilized in the performance of some act beyond the present comprehension of man, we call it a "miracle"; but as man grows in his understanding of truth, the miracles of yesterday become the commonplace things of today. Intelligence, which is the mastery of truth, is the glory of both God and man.

Although truth is not limited by man's understanding of it, man is so limited, and the progress of man is consequently contingent upon his expanding comprehension of reality as it exists about him. This search for truth may differ in method but its results are always the same—growth and happiness. Whether by the investigation of the scientist, the speculation of the philosopher, or the inspiration of the religionist, if the process leads to truth, it is legitimate and is ethically desirable. A sincere and honest search for truth, together with a courage and zeal to follow wherever it leads is basic in any moral system. Morality is not founded upon falsehood.

But there are perversions of this principle, some of which have already been alluded to in earlier lessons. In the hope for personal advantage, some people do forsake truth and cling to falsehood. It should be obvious that this will get them nowhere in the long run, though they may profit momentarily. To sacrifice others and endanger future happiness for the sake of selfish passing thrills is immoral, for by departing from the ways of eternal truth it defeats the attainment of happiness through eternal progression. It is to some of these distortions or perversions of truth that we now turn attention.

Willful Ignorance

Intelligence is so central in both Latter-day Saint doctrine and secular philosophy as to require mention only. We are told that no man can be saved in ignorance, and that the glory of God is intelligence. This is all very reasonable, for salvation is a process leading to Godhead, and Godhead is contingent upon the mastery of truth. Ignorance is a vice; intelligence, a virtue.

Ignorance is to be especially condemned when it results from indifference or laziness. Man is free to do as he will, but it is wrong to needlessly deprive oneself of knowledge and truth. Indifference to reality and laziness in its quest are the twin evils back of ignorance. The highest morality involves a love of truth and a passion for things that are right. Willful ignorance is immoral because it is an unnecessary desertion of truth.

The mastery of truth requires a search more than it does a defense, and many err in confusing these two. The moral life is active and progressive, not stagnant nor retrogressive; dynamic, not static. There are too many people today with a defense complex; too many looking for proof rather than truth; confirmation rather than information.

Reasons for this static, and, hence, perverted approach to truth are many, but they all center around man's self-interest as he narrowly conceives it. It is easier to hold on and follow than it is to climb upward and lead out, but only the latter will

bring results morally desirable. Change and innovation are always disturbing for they require effort and reorganization, but they are the only way to progression. One cannot progress standing still. If man could but realize that the search for truth does not mean the defense of status quo, if he could grasp the forward point of view, if he could be a little more analytic and a little less dogmatic; if man could do these things, truth would be less abused and humanity would be more enlightened and more happy because of it. In the long run, self-interest may require the sacrifice of what may seem at the time to be for our best interest. Failure to make his sacrifice for eternal truth, through doggedly defending vested interests of the moment, is a perversion of ethics.

Sincerity in Place of Certainty

Although sincerity is a virtue, as will be shown below, it alone is not enough. It is possible to mean well and still be wrong. Truth exists separate and apart from man's understanding of truth, and it becomes man's moral duty, therefore, to be inquisitive and critical beyond the acceptance of authoritative statements. Sincerity of statement may fool the uncritical and blind them to errors and fallacies intrinsic in the statement. Knowledge or certainty should be the aim, and satisfaction with anything short of this is a perversion of the good life. Sincerity alone is no substitute for truth, but sincerity with truth is a virtue of the highest order.

Self-deception

Sometimes man tries to fool himself by the process of rationalization. Instead of doing what he ought to do, he does what he wants to do and then tries to reason himself into thinking that it was right. This is the wishful or fantasy thinking referred to in an earlier lesson, and it leads only to self-justification, certainly not to truth. Making excuses or justifying oneself in following desire rather than reason so that it appears to be reasonable is merely dodging the truth. And when man does so he only deceives himself. But not for long, for eventually the truth will out and he will see himself as he really is.

Intellectual honesty is a crying need of the day. Shakespeare said, "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man" (Shakespeare, *Hamlet*: Act I, Scene 3, Line 75). We are sorely in need of men and women today who know how to think straight and who aren't afraid to do it. The tendency to sidestep truth and then to "kid ourselves" about the consequences is at the root of all deception, and is, therefore, an evil of great magnitude.

Self-depreciation

Another perversion of truth is the tendency, in some, to discredit or devalue the dignity and importance of self in relation to the universe. Sometimes it takes the form of self-abuse and self-torture as with certain Hindu cults. More often it is simply a matter of self-neglect, with ill-health as the result. Frequently it expresses itself in chronic inferiority feelings and overly submissive attitudes. Individuality is important in the order of things, and any attempt to discredit it is a distortion of all true values. Health, in both

its physical and mental aspects, is based upon the proper application of true principles to the self, and where one's perspective is so warped as to permit willful neglect of himself, he should be considered immoral for this neglect. Likewise, it is important that each person have a proper estimation of himself, not too inflated, to be sure, but neither too deflated. Humility accompanied by a real sense of self-worth and self-confidence is a virtue, but where devoid of this it results in the perversion of self-depreciation for it means stagnant and insipid personalities. Truth should be applied to the self as well as to society, and where the self is neglected or depreciated truth is thereby distorted.

Self-glorification

But just as self-depreciation is an evil on the one hand, so self-glorification is an evil on the other. What the world needs is self-confidence without arrogance, self-assurance without conceit, self-interest without vanity and selfishness. Confidence admits mistakes when found and starts again on the basis of new discoveries, but arrogance yields to nothing. Self-glorification is a perversion of truth because of the over-inflation in self-importance it brings.

Closely related to the egotism of self-glorification is the evil of self-pity. There is too much whining and complaining today. Undistorted truth should give each person a proper perspective of himself in relation to the universe, and should make him courageous enough to "take it" without a whimper.

Lying

The telling of untruths is equally serious with these other perversions, more serious perhaps than some. Lying is willful deception by verbal means, and the liar is not to be trusted. Whether the so-called "white lies" are wrong or not is debatable, but there is no debate on the ethics of lying in general. There might be some justification for making a false statement out of social graciousness, such as saying you like a new hat when you don't really care for it, or of telling an untruth to save someone's life, but aside from unconsequential and extreme cases such as these, there is no justification for lying. Lying is an attempt to escape responsibility and avoid consequences by circumventing truth. Since it is dishonest it leads to distrust. Someone has pointed out that the best thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you have said, and there is a lot of sense in this statement. A clear conscience based upon honesty and truth is the only way to righteousness. It is better to be trusted than to be loved.

Cheating

Aside from lying, there are other ways of assaulting truth by deceiving the public, and cheating is one of these ways. Some of the major forms of cheating are as follows: (1) stealing another's property; (2) plagiarism or "literary theft" such as copying an examination or using another's words verbatim in a speech or in a paper as if they were your own; (3) cheating by omission rather than commission; such as protecting or defending the wrongdoer, remaining silent when an error has been made that benefits you, or in other ways taking advantage of mistakes that are in your favor; and (4)

showing favoritism or unjustly discriminating against some for the benefit of others or yourself. In all of these practices, truth is perverted for personal advantage, it is not shared equably, and this is cheating.

Hypocrisy

Artificiality and deception are very common forms of truth distortion. A great many people unfortunately seem to feel that they must wear a mask in dealing with others and never let their real selves and honest intentions be known. They are glib in speech, using flattery instead of sincere compliment, propaganda instead of truth. It must be remembered that pretentions which are out of line with practice do not long deceive. It was Emerson who said, "What you are thunders so loudly in my ears that I cannot hear what you say."

Half-truths and truths given out in distorted proportions really add up to falsehood, and anyone who uses these devices to deceive and misrepresent is a hypocrite regardless of the particles of truth he may include in the process. Eulogy is no substitute for analogy and truth; the letter of the law is no substitute for the spirit; going through the motions of righteousness, pretending that you are good, is of no avail unless you really are good.

Expediency

Much of what has been said above applies as well to the evil of expediency. All of these truth perversions discussed here are interrelated one with another, and all (or nearly all) tie up directly with the spirit of self-aggrandizement through expediency.

The dictionary defines expediency as that which is "conducive to special advantage rather than to what is universally right." An expedient individual has only the selfish point of view and is willing to sacrifice a principle for personal benefit. He is insincere, and, since he lives not by principle, he is also inconsistent and unpredictable. He cannot be depended upon nor trusted. To him anything is right that he can get away with; sin comes not from the act itself, he thinks, but from getting caught. He is not genuine. He lacks conviction.

Expediency is often rationalized on the grounds of being broadminded. But this is a grevious error for while broadmindedness is a virtue when tempered by conviction, it is not a virtue without conviction. Some people are so broad that they become shallow. What the world needs is men of vision, conviction, and honor; men who are not for sale; men who know the right and have the courage to live it.

The only difference between a statesman and a politician, as we use these terms today, is that the one is ethical in his public life while the other is willing to twist truth to his own advantage; the one is moral and the other immoral. Politics is a technique of expediency, and it is not confined to the field of government alone. Almost every institution or group has those within it who are willing to cheat in one way or another for their own selfish advantage —expedients these, politicians all. This misuse of faith and confidence, this betrayal of truth, is at the bottom of most of the world's suffering today. Without it, much of the human misery of the day based on

injustice, infidelity, and deceit could not exist. It is to the desertion of truth that most of humanity's woes are attributive.

If people were only a little more industrious, intelligent, and dependable; if they were more ready to act out of sincerity, confidence, and conviction rather than hypocrisy and personal expediency; if they were a little more genuine and honorable and less prone to lie and cheat; if truth could reign, in other words, this would be a far better world in which to live.

Problems for Thought and Action

1. What is truth and how is it related to morality? What are the major sources or methods of reaching truth? How are man's progression and happiness dependent upon his understanding of truth? Discuss. Name the so-called perversions of truth explained in this lesson. Check all terms used with the dictionary and discuss their meanings.
2. Why is willful ignorance a perversion of truth? Why is it wrong to look for proof rather than truth, to defend rather than search? Give examples and discuss. Is sincerity a virtue or a vice? Is sincerity alone enough? Why not? Show how fantasy thinking and rationalization lead to self-deception. Why is intellectual honesty so important? Give examples of intellectual dishonesty. Why are self-depreciation and self-glorification both perversions of the truth? Is self-neglect that leads to ill-health immoral? Discuss. Show how humility without self-confidence may become pathological and hence undesirable. Are arrogance, vanity, and conceit immoral? Discuss. Why is self-pity such an evil?
3. What is lying and why is it immoral? Is insincere flattery lying? Name the four ways of cheating listed in the lesson, give examples of each, and then discuss them one at a time. What is hypocrisy and why is it wrong? Discuss ways of overcoming deceitful tendencies. What is expediency? Give examples. Why is expediency unethical? Does conviction need to make one narrow minded? Discuss. How broad-minded should one be? What is the difference between a statesman and a politician? Give illustrations of politics in morals and show the results in terms of human unhappiness.
4. The lesson next month will be very closely related to this discussion. It is suggested that unsettled questions or problems be carried over to next time with special assignments, perhaps, on points that need to be looked up. Special reports could also be assigned on the influence of the home and the church upon character formation.

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No. 2 Pin of blue baked French hard enamel and 10 carat solid-gold front gold filled, with 24 carat gold-plated back. Price $2.00, postpaid.

Both pins are identical as to design, size, and coloring, and bear the organization date, 1842. These prices include Federal excise tax.

Our Legacy

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

This 329-page book contains poems selected from the writings of Latter-day Saint women from 1835 to 1942, including all the prize poems designated in the annual Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem contests up to 1942. Attractively bound in blue imitation leather, stamped in gold. Price $1.50, postpaid.

A Centenary of Relief Society

A panorama of Relief Society's first hundred years in picture and story, containing much material heretofore unpublished. Invaluable to all Relief Society workers.

Bound in a blue paper book cover, with its title "A Centenary of Relief Society" and the centennial insignia beautifully embossed in gold.

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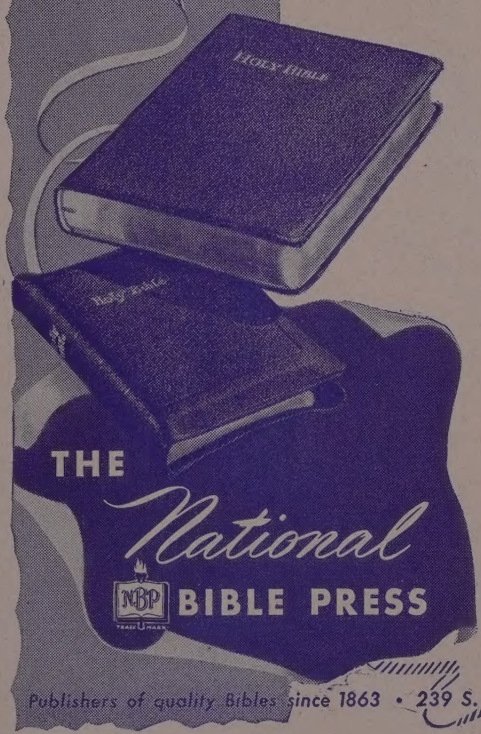
A durable binder of blue imitation leather stamped in gold with the name of the Magazine, into which twelve single copies of The Relief Society Magazine may be inserted or removed at will. A great convenience to all stake and ward Relief Society officers, class leaders, and to all Magazine subscribers who like to keep a current year's issue of the Magazine together. Price $1.20, postpaid.

All articles listed above are obtainable only from General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

NO LONGER AVAILABLE—

The supply of Relief Society centennial plates and of Relief Society Song Books is entirely exhausted, and the General Board is not at present planning to restock them. Still available are the additional songs issued in 1941 for insertion in the Song Book at 15 cents for the set of three—"In Thy Form," "A Song of Triumph," and "O Father, Keep Us We Pray."

for someone you especially love...



PERHAPS a mother or father whose eyesight is beginning to dim. Or a just-married couple starting life in a new home . . . they'll need a Bible for reference and records. Or children—every boy and every girl should have a Bible.

Only a limited number of Bibles are available this Christmas due to wartime shortages. If your bookseller cannot supply you *now*, please be patient. Ask to see National Bibles which have been America's favorites for more than 80 years.

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